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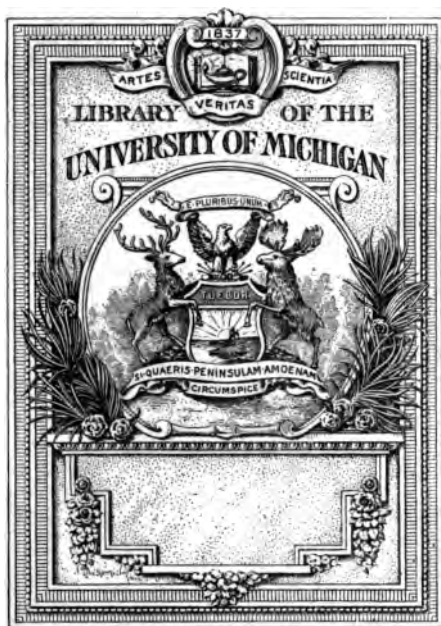
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The Personal Equation

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

BY

LAWRENCE MCTURNAN

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of Indiana

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

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NEW YORK

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TO
MY MOTHER

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B*IOGRAPHY is, in its very name, the literature of life. And since the noblest life on earth is always human life, the literature which deals with human life must always be the noblest literature. And since the individual human life must always have a distinctness and interest which cannot belong to any of the groups of human lives, biography must always have a charm which no other kind of history can rival.*

PHILLIPS BROOKS

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I *BELIEVE* fully that the intrinsic life of any human being is so interesting that if it can be simply and sympathetically put in words it will be legitimately interesting to other men. Have you never noticed how anybody, boy or man, who talks to you about himself compels your attention? I say "who talks about himself." I mean, of course, his true self. Be sure of this, that there is not one of us living today so simple and monotonous a life that, if he be true and natural, his life faithfully written would not be worthy of men's eyes and hold men's hearts.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

THE INTRODUCTION

WISE men and women are beginning to understand the essential value of appropriate stories in child development in defining a true emotional attitude, in revealing new relationships to humanity and to God, and in laying the basis for clearer insight and broader vision in later years.

Stories should be used in homes and schools much more than at present, to kindle true emotions and the apperceptive consciousness of higher thought and nobler aim. Children love all good stories if they are well told or well written, and if the story teller leaves the story to do its own work. Unfortunately, although Bible stories are the best stories, many children learn to dislike Bible stories, and the Bible itself, and the vital truths it is intended to reveal, because unwise teachers and parents in the Sunday School and in the home, weaken and often destroy the natural love of stories by unpleasant personal applications of what they assume to be the morals of the stories they tell. The child is not interested in the moral. In

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his stage of development he should not be interested in the moral but in the story itself. Efforts to develop a high moral consciousness prematurely, or by direct formal instruction, weaken the power of moral consciousness at maturity.

Some of the great leaders in Sunday School work believe that the work in the early stages of Sunday School training should consist in telling stories of a character suited to the stage of the child's development.

They do not necessarily mean Bible stories, or the stories that are commonly classified as true stories. The "truest" stories for young children are not those about real people. They are not mere fact stories about individuals, but symbolic stories in which individuals are made to typify fundamental characteristics of humanity, or essential elements of human power, or the experiences of the race in the earlier stages of its development.

The great mythical stories and tales of the imagination in which high ethical and spiritual ideals of emotion and of thought are represented symbolically, as individuals, are the truest stories for young children. When children hear these stories they are not conscious of their hidden meanings, but such stories fix in their lives vital apperceptive cen-

tres of emotion, of relationship, of thought, and of vision, which will come into consciousness as dominant centres of recognition, of decision, and of executive character in later years as new experiences stir them to activity.

There comes a time, however, when a child passes out of the symbolic stage of his development, and enters the stage of the actual. Then he demands the right to deal with real things, and to be entertained by true stories. In this conscious and specially formative stage biographical stories have a genuine fascination for him, and the best and strongest elements in the character of the individuals about whom the stories are written take possession of him and, insensibly at first, but consciously later, become dominant elements of his character.

It is most important that boys and girls during the transition years, when they are awakening to a consciousness of selfhood and to a clear recognition of their responsibility because of their selfhood, should have the opportunity of reading a great many stories about real men and women. In no other way can the deeper lives of young people be so fully and so permanently kindled with productive enthusiasm for freedom, and justice, and patriotism, and persistence, and honour,

and courage, and faith in the right, and true-ness, and with an achieving and transforming tendency, as by reading the stories of the struggles of noble men and women for the achievement of lofty ideals and the defense of true principles against the opposing forces of selfishness, ignorance, injustice, and other forms of evil. If the proper apperceptive centres have been truly established in the early stages of development, they spring into consciousness at the kindling touch of the biographical stories, and form centres of emotion and thought to which all that is vital in the new real stories becomes related. In this way, the best elements in character may be made permanently dominant and productively achieving.

True biography is the best basis for vital history. When history is written as a record of great achievements, and becomes the story of national and racial efforts to climb towards the light, of the gradual revelation of the consciousness of freedom under law, and of the growth of humanity in intellectual and spiritual power, in industrial development, in social evolution, in loving service, and in universal uplift and progress, then the biographies of real men and women will be taught to boys and girls in their adolescent period to implant

in their lives the apperceptive centres of the new and better history. The recognition of the great elements of individual character will make it possible to comprehend the development of the corresponding elements in the upward progress of the race.

Even now, biography is the best basis for a productive interest in history, as it is at present written. The interest in individual effort and progress may be easily and naturally related to the struggles and advancement of the human race. Human development groups itself around the records of the achievements of the great epoch makers whose clearer vision, and deeper insight, and stronger personality, and more persistent transforming tendency, made them leaders of their fellow men. The essential elements in history are not the facts of progress but the achieving processes by which progress has been made, and by which future advancement may be made. The greatest advantage of the study of history is the revelation of the fact that individual men and women have made it possible for their fellowmen to step upward and onward more consciously and more easily. In all departments of progressive civilization, material, intellectual, and spiritual, the race has followed great leaders who planned ahead of

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them. Biography, therefore, is really the heart of history, and the important events group themselves around the epoch leaders. Through association with the leaders, events are most clearly understood, and most easily remembered, and their human value most fully realized.

Biography reveals great moral principles and ethical values much more clearly and more effectively than the teaching of precepts or rules of conduct. Actions stimulate more than principles. We respond to deeds more than to words. A boy's reason may be convinced that a principle is right by logical discussion, but such conviction may never stir his whole nature to productive action. An embodied principle revealed by the life of a true man enters into the fibre of a boy's character and in due time becomes a transforming agency in determining his attitude towards life. It does more than this, it defines his emotional nature, and becomes a permanent character battery to generate executive power to move his life along the lines of activity which his reason decides to be right. It is not enough that men should think truly, they should have the habit of trying to achieve the plans and aims that are based on true thinking. Men fail more through lack of the achieving tend-

ency than from inadequate knowledge, or incorrect reasoning. Biography shows principles, and laws, and character, *in action*. The triumphant life of the hero of any sphere exemplifies the value of true self-faith, of genuine courage, of persistent effort, undismayed under appalling discouragement and determined opposition, and leads the admiring student to love the true, the noble, the brave, the honorable, and the just, and to despise the opposite traits of character. Acquired from biography, these principles and emotions become active, not passive elements of character; they do not remain dormant, but become directive and dominant in the life of the individual.


Good biographies should form a prominent part of the supplementary reading in schools. Chosen wisely of types adapted to pupils of different ages, biography may do more than anything else to develop an interest in good literature. The boys and girls do not choose trashy novels because of depraved tendencies. They read them to satisfy deep yearnings in their natures that have been neglected. The novels are read because during the adolescent period the youth loves adventure, and worships heroes of the brilliant and romantic type. Such a love does not indicate

depravity, and, if properly satisfied it does not remain a permanent characteristic, but in due time becomes a productive foundation for literature of a higher, more intellectual, and more spiritual value. During the adventurous and romantic period, the youth should be guided to the lives of the great heroes of sea and land who became famous as discoverers, or as victorious admirals or generals. These biographies are more interesting than any imaginary tales can be to young people from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and if they are well supplied with such reading matter they are likely to avoid many of the dangers to which they are especially liable during this transition and awakening period. The study of successful characters defined by such reading may be guided to the study of new and more developing types of character, and ultimately into wider fields of literature.

The chapter in this book on "Work-a-day Heroes" relates to a most important department of biographical study. It is an epoch day in a boy's life when he receives a clear vision of the great truth that every life may be an heroic life, and that true greatness does not depend on the performance of remarkable deeds so much as on the fidelity with which we perform the duties and overcome the diffi-

culties that meet us in our daily life. It is a great thing that every one should learn that success is waiting for all, and that the sure way to higher spheres of duty and influence is opened to us when we have proved our worth by the way we have done our part and achieved success in our present sphere.

It is of far reaching importance also that the great masses of children throughout the world should read the lives of poor boys and girls who were undaunted by the restrictive conditions of poverty, and who became famous by achieving the plans which were revealed to them for aiding their fellow men. There are no more kindling books for young people than the lives of Stevenson, Lincoln, Booker T. Washington, David Livingstone, Hugh Miller, or of women such as Lucy Stone, Frances Willard, or "Margaret," the popular heroine of New Orleans. The monument to "Margaret" is one of the most notable in the world, not only on account of its artistic beauty, but chiefly because it was erected not by any municipal, or state, or national government, but by many thousands of the citizens of New Orleans of all classes from the richest to the poorest—millionaires and working girls being limited to the same amount of



subscription—as a tribute to the worth of one who began life as a very poor working woman, and who, as she became successful, shared her success with the orphan children of all creeds in New Orleans.

The study of the lives of such men and women brings two great revelations to young minds: first, that true heroism is not confined to the battlefield or the naval engagement, and second, that poverty need not be an insurmountable bar to the triumphant achievement of great purposes, or the development of new ideals. There is probably no other book except the Bible that should be as productively stimulating to a young man as the life of Stevenson, who was one of the poorest boys of England.

The author has done well to emphasize these vital truths in the chapter on "Work-a-day Heroes," and also to direct attention in the chapter on "Great Women," to the fact that boys as well as girls are moral losers because the biographies of women have heretofore received comparatively little attention. Humanity is awakening to two great ideals: first, that monuments and other memorials should be erected to others as well as to those who won renown on the battlefield or in the senate, and second, that the lives of great

women are as worthy of study, and their work as deserving of commemoration as the lives and work of men. To study the lives of great men only, naturally leads boys to have an exaggerated ideal of the special importance of man's work in the world, and a relatively low ideal of the worth of true womanhood in the achievement of the aims of the highest civilization. Girls should be stirred to a consciousness of the value of womanhood, and of the possibilities of great independent individual work by women; and boys should learn that man is not alone responsible for originating great movements for the best development of humanity, or for carrying on these movements to successful issues.

This book emphasizes another very important element in the training of the children who are comparatively dull in early life, and who, because they are slow, have in the past been discouraged, and often held up to ridicule. It is a great lesson both for teachers and pupils to learn that some of the greatest leaders have been kindled even after their school life was over, and that the highest success does not depend so much on brilliancy as on persistent effort to achieve our aims.

Every school library should contain a large selection of biographies for the use of the older

children and the teacher. It will vitalize the lives of teacher and pupils to be brought into relationship with the experiences, the aims, and the deeds of the leaders of all time. It will kindle hope and enthusiasm and productive activity, to come into touch with the highest thought and noblest deeds of human history. *The Personal Equation* should be an inspiring book to all teachers who read it.

JAMES L. HUGHES

Toronto, Canada

The Personal Equation

ON READING BIOGRAPHY

*As one lamp lights another, nor grows less—
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE Jesuits acted the part of wisdom when they bade their young scholars to read the lives of saints. Said Goethe: "Man alone is interesting to man." Man is a social being and cannot live unto himself. He longs for friends and for a knowledge of what his kind has done and if he cannot have great souls with him in person as companions in the close embrace of friendship, as in the instances of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam; Milton and Edward King; Johnson and Garrick; Coleridge and Wordsworth; Montaigne and La Boetie, he may at least have the benefit of their companionship through their biographies and works, which is next to a personal fellowship.

"Plutarch's Lives" has inspired a large

company of the world's great men, among whom are Napoleon Bonaparte, Gladstone, Franklin, Montaigne, Emerson, Webster, Gen. Lew Wallace, Alexander Hamilton, Edward Everett, and J. T. Trowbridge. These great men became bosom friends to many of Plutarch's family of heroes. They realized with Hume, Johnson and Carlyle that "the highest task of manhood is to live like men." And they knew too the wisdom of the oracle's advice to Zeno when it said in answer to his question as to the manner in which he should live: "Inquire of the dead."

Plutarch was a moralist and a biographer. He loved to mingle with noble men and to draw lessons from their lives. The inspiration thus gained from tradition, from history, and from association he infused into his writings, which will always remain of great human interest. He has been called "the father of biography."

The most beautiful masterpieces of literature are imaginative tales of gods and heroes come down to us from the classical age of Greece. The tales of Troy that are found in the narratives of Homer, in the Iliad and Odyssey, will always be of universal interest so long as "the hero is the greatest handiwork of God."

The legends of "Nibelungen Lied" will ever charm the reader because of their lessons of heroic endurance and the triumph of eternal justice. The romantic tales of Charlemagne—a mixture of fact and fiction—and their pictures of courage, generosity and morality appeal to our nobler feelings and stir our hearts with admiration. No imaginary tales of heroes, however, are better than well written biographies. Lockhart's "Life of Scott" is truly "as interesting as a novel and as good as a play."

However, classic biographies are rare. Sketches of the lives of great men are almost without number, but immortal biographies are indeed few. Biographical writing is a work of much labor and deep love. Lockhart loved Scott, his father-in-law, and because of his great warmth of love for the subject of his work, his biography of the Scottish bard and novelist reads like a romance. Boswell adored Johnson, and labored slavishly to do his master justice. He was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man and as a result he has done perhaps more to immortalize the name of Johnson than did the Philosopher of Grubb Street himself. Trevelyan had a special interest in assisting to perpetuate the name and fame of his uncle, Thomas B. Macaulay.

These authors together with Carlyle, Voltaire, Irving, Macaulay, Morley, Southey, Stanley, Nicolay and Hay, and a few others, are the greatest biographers.

There is a two-fold reason for the dearth of great biographical works. First, the author has great difficulty in securing the material necessary to the construction of the work. But few have the opportunity given to Lockhart and Trevelyan and fewer still are willing to sit so faithfully at the feet of a master as did Boswell. Second, there is grave responsibility in attempting to present the material so that the subject's life, works and motives may be made perfectly clear. Writers holding in the highest esteem the characters they would delineate stand in awe of the great souls under contemplation and hesitate to begin the task lest they may not have the proper perspective and justice be not accorded their heroes.

In the national portrait gallery one may look upon the portraits of a large company of the world's great men, but how can the painter describe the noble career from boyhood to death? how can he delineate the voice, the laughter, the true devotion, the lofty soul, the iron will, and the loving tenderness? The biographer has a much harder task than the painter. A hundred portraits have been

painted but the great biographies are under a score.

In the biographical preface to his translation of *Don Quixote*, Duffield says: "As I sat down to write this notice of the immortal poet, dramatist, novelist, and soldier, in my fancy there came a beautiful and flashing angel which stood over against my desk and said to me, 'Mortal, thou art not worthy to stoop down to unloose the shoe latchet of Cervantes, much less to write of his life.'

"I was not surprised at the angel's message, and replied, 'I do not presume to write of this renowned man because I deem me worthy, but because I will not suffer any hand but mine to raise this tablet to his memory. I have made two pilgrimages to his birthplace, and I have visited the other places where he lived and wrote his plays, his poems and his stories; I have wandered through the miserable town where, against all law and justice, they thrust him into jail, and I have stood hours at a time on the Spanish shores where he landed free from cruel captivity. I have read his *Don Quixote* more than twenty times, nor have I allowed one word of mine to intrude itself into my translation of this most chaste and loving book. I would have visited his grave, but they could not tell me where they had laid him.'

"Enough! said the shining one and soared away into the blue ether."

Of all the biographies the "Life of Scott" is perhaps the most wholesome. It will help those who wish to make the best of the sunshine of life. Scott loved the great out-of-doors; hunting, riding, and fishing were his chief pleasures. He loved his dogs and his horses. He was interested in nature and humanity, and would rather enjoy life to the full extent than to be remembered by all posterity. He said: "I'd rather be a kitten and cry 'mew,' than write the best poetry in the world on condition of laying aside common sense in the ordinary transactions and business of the world." Scott was truly a noble character. Spiritually he was a man of great dimensions—great enough to be loved by all—loved as husband, father and friend. He was loved by his pets and his servants, and by his contemporaries. His spirit was too great and too sweet to have enemies. When suffering in his last sickness he said: "I should be a great fool, and a most ungrateful wretch to complain of such afflictions as these. My life has been in all its private and public relations as fortunate, perhaps, as was ever lived; and whether pain or misfortune will be behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of

Providence to be resigned to it. For myself, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury or omitting any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit."

He died with the same courage that characterized the death of Socrates, Horace Mann and Lord Nelson. Socrates drank the cup of hemlock as philosophically as he had lived, and while awaiting death he coolly counseled his friends as to the future life. Lord Nelson died thanking God that he had done his duty. Horace Mann's death was similar in many respects to that of Socrates. He knew two hours before the end that he could not live. He spent this time in advising his old pupils how to live, and died with these words on his lips: "God—Man—Duty." Scott's last words teach us how to live if we would "approach death sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust." He called his son-in-law to his bedside and said: "Lockhart, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." When one reads the life of Scott or any of his works he must lament with Tennyson:

"O great and gallant Scott!
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee and heard thee and known."

Many a visitor on going through Westminster Abbey learns for the first time something of the lives of the immortal heroes buried there. The tombstone which marks the resting place of Lord Macaulay bears this inscription:

“His body lies buried in peace,
But his name liveth forevermore.”

These words give meager information indeed concerning a man of such lofty character and great service. When the biographies of the great and noble men are read and studied more, their names will be enshrined in the hearts of their fellow men, and while the carved stone will remain a fitting tribute to the honored and revered, it will not serve to convey the first message concerning the heroes but rather it will mark the resting places of well beloved friends.

CHAPTER I

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

*I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution. We are emulous of all that man can do. * * * Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus; every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all around with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THERE is no getting away from the throbbing life of personality that surrounds the commonest things. The history of the most ordinary tool, taken from the stone age to the present day, fairly epitomizes the progress of the race. All invention, all science, all art stand as the embodiment of man's thought and labor; nothing that is could be dull or commonplace if it were placed in its proper human setting. The understanding of

the spiritual umbra of fact is the teacher's master key to the interest of his pupils—a tremendous power producing miracles of result. It is the teacher's duty to search out the prophets of nature, to know what the voices of the past reveal, and to make the acquaintance of the special advocates of stone and star, bird and beast. When he has done this, and not before, he is an educated being and capable of directing the education of others.

The student should be led to travel with the personality that is behind every discovery, or invention, or new contributions to man's progress. He should know the trials and triumphs of Watt in working with steam; of Stephenson in building the engine; of Cyrus Field in laying the Atlantic Cable; of Morse in giving tongue to electricity; of Kepler in finding the laws for measuring distant planets; of Columbus in giving the world a new continent and new conceptions of life; of Robert Fulton in applying steam to water transit; of Livingstone in giving light and freedom to a nation; of Abraham Lincoln in his work of teaching emancipation to all the world; of Mary Lyon in opening the doors of educational opportunities to women.

No one can understand the American Revolution without Morris, the financier; Frank-

lin, the diplomat; Paul Jones, the daring seaman; Patrick Henry, the orator; George Washington, the great and good leader; and Betsy Ross, and other patriotic women, doffing brocades for home-spun and eschewing luxuries to help the brave men suffering at the front. The early history of Oregon is the story of Whitman; Florida stands against a background of adventure and the vagaries of the man in search of eternal youth—Ponce de Leon; the steadfast purpose of the religiously persecuted and the groans of dying witches will always mingle in the history and geography of the New England States; the early settlement of California is the story of the unburied dead of Death's Valley and the greed of men for gold; and there is scarcely a state or territory that cannot base its history on the life of pioneer priest, hunter, home-seeker or adventurer.

Best of all, too, in this human element of history, geography, invention, science and art, are the unavoidable lessons of patience, courage and industry that come up continually—proofs positive to the boy or girl that neither luck nor accident, but persistent plodding and indefatigable toil are what win now and what have won ever. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his

trade, and at the same time he was learning German from a fellow workman. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration during the night shifts, while working as an engineman; and when he could snatch a few minutes from his mealtime, he worked his sums with a bit of chalk upon the sides of the colliery wagons.

No true teacher would attempt to teach Africa without Livingstone. "In the great heart of Africa, among the great lakes," says Drummond, "I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before—David Livingstone; and, as you cross his footsteps in that dark continent, men's faces light up as they speak of the kind doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him but they felt the love that beat in his heart." To the child the personality of the man Livingstone, is something worth while and his mind readily interprets the struggles of this great soul. He follows step by step the great hero's struggles, sacrifices, sufferings, and aims, all of which are hallowed by indomitable courage and noble ambition; after this it is almost or quite impossible to keep Africa from him; and think how he gets it! He views it ethically, geographically, historically, and

perhaps philosophically, though he has no conception of the breadth of his views. He only knows that instead of a big splotch of color on the map, Africa has become a vital, stirring, inexhaustible source of interest and knowledge.

To the life of Livingstone should be added, too, the story of Chinese Gordon in the Soudan—a personality of “almost magical influence, which arose from the all-pervading sense, inspired by his mere presence, that here was a man who always was and always would be inflexibly true to his highest convictions. When he was in Soudan, he never hesitated to place outside his tent the white handkerchief, which meant, as all his men knew, that he was at prayer and that during that sacred hour when he was alone with God he must not be disturbed.” What an influence such a man must have had upon his soldiers and what a force working out for good in the heart of Darkest Africa!

Everywhere, in all things, it is the personality of the man that counts. Dean Briggs, of Harvard University puts it aptly when he says: “It was a relief the other day to hear the headmaster say, ‘I am looking for an under teacher. I want first a man, and next a man to teach.’ It is a relief to see the marked success of

several school masters whose preparation for teaching consists first in manliness, and secondly, in only a moderate amount of learning."

"Fellowship with great ideas," says Quayle, "amplifies the soul. The study of a sunset or a mountain or the sea, exalts him who studies. Great ideas are the heritage of the human mind. But a man is always greater than any natural thing. The spiritual always dwarfs the physical. The mountain, lifting its forehead to the heavens, is less a giant than the man who stands at its base and computes its altitude. The locomotive with its ponderous complexity is simplicity and commonplaceness as compared with Stephenson who created the iron monster and governed its goings. The ocean, that home of the slumbering storms and wrathful tempests, that symbol of infinity and omnipotence—the ocean is not so great as the dreamy man who stands upon its shore and meditates its mastery—Columbus is greater than the Atlantic."

Modern methods of teaching geography are beginning to make use of biography in connection with geographical instruction. The wonder is that the insistent spirit of personality could have been barred out so long. Of what particular interest is Greece, a little

country indented by the sea, if barren of heroes? Athens, taught through the lives of Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Plato and Demosthenes, can be made to stir with fascinating interest and dramatic action. The City of Florence lives through its great artists, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian and Da Vinci, and the undying names of Savonarola, Dante, Petrarch, Galileo, and Donatello. Imagine, if possible, the Holy Land without the commingled personalities of the Disciples and the Lowly Nazarene. Because of these and its Gethsemane, Golgotha, and the great historical point of conflict—the touch of the Christ—the eyes of the Christian world will ever turn lovingly to an otherwise barren land. Try comparing Boston with some of the great cities of the West, noted for their wealth and extensive commercial interests but barren of martyrs and great souls who have given much to the world; the result speaks for itself. Boston stands teeming with the personalities of the makers of history, dating from colonial days. The spirits of her sons and daughters long dead still hallow the historic landmarks, and their shadows yet seem to fall athwart the crooked streets; and as long as history lasts, their personalities will speak from walls and monuments and verdant close.

The scenery of the Rhine, one of the most famous rivers on the globe, is inferior in places to that of the Hudson River. Many other rivers rival it in length and breadth; but none, unless it be the river Jordan, can compare with it in historic interest. Around it are gathered the legends and history of two thousand years. Gauls, Teutons, Romans, Franks, and Normans have waged war on its banks under the greatest conquerors of the world—Caesar, Charlemagne, Attila, Napoleon and Von Moltke.

Rubens stands for Antwerp, famous for his great paintings which adorn the interior of the cathedral there. The city of Bonn is human because it is the birthplace of Beethoven, Schlegel, and Arndt.

"The history of Greece still gives to us as models of heroic patriotism, Thermopylae and Marathon. Even her ideas live—the thoughts of Phidias in marble; of Plato in philosophy; of Socrates in morals; of Euripides and Sophocles in tragedy. The influence of ancient Greece comes down the ages to us like the light from a fixed star." "Out of Plato," says Emerson, "come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought." A few great men in ancient times made Greece immortal; and this little country is to-day a hallowed

place because of those great spirits who wrought out world victories in thought, in art, in war, and in patriotism. Greece can no more be separated from the memory of her great men than she can be transformed from a country of beautiful hills and vales into a deserted waste land.

Few perhaps know the little country town in southern Indiana named Lincoln City. A stranger could see nothing there but a dreary little waiting station, an unattractive stretch of village street and an ordinary hill beyond. To the student of history the place is full of interest, and a short walk out to the simple grave on the hillside where Nancy Hanks lies buried, and beyond to the spot where she gave her priceless devotion to her son, the wonderful Abraham Lincoln, would seem a sacred pilgrimage.

Hall Caine recently delivered a lecture before a company of authors in Edinburgh, in which he declared that though an author may not be conscious of any purpose to influence others in their moral character, it is impossible for him to escape doing so or rid himself of this moral responsibility. "Your work," he said, "is what you are. It cannot help but carry with it the moral atmosphere in which you live. Tell me what manner of man you

are and I will tell you what the moral effect of your work will be. Imagination is a chemical which, let a man pour it on any plate whatsoever, is sure to develop the features of his own face."

One of Dr. Arnold's biographers says that he conducted Rugby School "with eminent wisdom and decided success, fulfilling the prophecy that he would regenerate public education in England. He did better than merely turn out clever scholars. He cultivated among the students a sense of duty and a high moral and religious tone. He set an example of manliness which induced many followers." Another writer says of him, "the interest of his life is that of character not of incident, although a more active life, and one withal so effective, it is scarcely possible to conceive." It was the hand of an affectionate pupil that after Arnold was dead, erected a monument to his worth in the form of an ample biography which set the intelligent world to thinking.

The personal equation in teaching is manifest not in the word, but in the emphasis; not in the outline of the face, but in its illumination; not in the clothes worn, but in the moral atmosphere one carries with him; not in imitation, but in inspiration; not in physical or intellectual strength alone, but in power. Jean

Paul Richter said: "I have made of myself all that could be made out of the stuff." That was a satisfactory answer to every demand laid upon him and a great comfort in the hour of discouragement or failure.

Palissy, the poor French peasant, becoming interested in some glazed ware from Italy, decided to discover the secret, then unknown in France. He was too poor to obtain an education, but through his own efforts he learned to paint on glass, to draw, to read, and to write. For years he devoted his leisure time to experiments and, finally, he put his last remnant of means into a furnace and fuel. He broke a few dozen rude clay pots into pieces and covered them with various compounds. He watched his fire day and night, but when his fuel was exhausted and he opened his furnace he met only failure. Not a piece in the lot showed any indication of white enamel. Undaunted he set about accumulating more fuel, although he was compelled to borrow money for the purpose. Again he covered innumerable bits of clay vessels with compounds. His fire burned high, the fuel began to run short, yet the new compounds showed no signs of melting. His fire died down and still the enamel resisted the heat. At the thought of failure, because of lack of fuel, when so near

what he felt confident was to be success, Palissy's determination passed into madness. Seizing his axe he rushed into the house and midst the screams of his wife and children, he crashed shelves, tables and chairs into pieces and frantically pushed them into the furnace. Then the weary creature, half starved, worn out with days and nights of toil and watching, during the last month of which time he had not had leisure to remove his clothing, this man with madness threatening his brain and exhaustion numbing his body, looked into the furnace and saw one glistening fragment of white enameled clay. He had wrested the secret from Italy and though it took eighteen years in all to perfect his knowledge, he gave to France most valuable industries and to the world some clever treatises on his art. Yet because he dared criticize some of the erroneous religious ideas of his time, he was rewarded by being confined in the Bastille where he ended his days. Show the ordinary pupil a bit of broken white glazed pottery, and it means no more than the old cans in the garbage dump; but tell him the story of Palissy and never again will he regard such a bit without a show of deep interest.

Perhaps no modern invention means more to the world than that of the reaper, and per-

haps no better instance of the personality vested in things can be brought forward as an example. The history of this invention in its progress from the use of a crooked stick or sharpened stone to the use of the present perfected machine of utility and beauty, involves the personality of the whole civilized world. A recent writer said: "The story of the reaper is a story of modern magic. The magicians are plain, unmysterious American farmers. Their enchanted lamp is a great, noisy, bright-painted, mechanical monster; and the magic that has been wrought, the miracle of modern civilization, is the alleviation of the world's hunger. * * * It means great cities with gigantic mills, and manufactories that create new wealth at the rate of sixteen billions a year. It means American prosperity. And above all, the reaper has not only made the American nation the best fed in the world, but it has moved all the civilized people up out of the bread-line, and raised the whole struggle for existence to a higher plain. Life is still a race—always will be; but the prizes now are gold watches and steam yachts and automobiles, not merely bread. Even the hobo at the back door scorns bread, unless we accompany it with meat and jam. * * * To-day when the human race is growing wheat

at the yearly rate of ten bushels a family, we can hardly believe that until recently the main object of all nations was to get bread; that life consisted in a search for food. Yet, cut the kings and their retinues out of history and it is no exaggeration to say that the human race was hungry for ten thousand years. * * *

In 1837 starving men fell in the streets of Boston and Philadelphia, but six years earlier the click of the first reaper on a back-woods farm in Virginia, had sounded a menace to famine and a promise of future plenty—a promise of the year 1906 when we eighty-five millions of people should eat twelve thousand million loaves of bread—seven bushels of wheat a piece, and should yet send a thousand million dollars worth of food to other nations.”

It has been said the reaper pushed the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year. “The reaper clicked ahead of the railroad, and civilization followed the wheat from Chicago to Puget Sound. * * * During the civil war the reaper was doing the work of a million men in the grain fields of the north.” “The reaper is to the North what the slave is to the South,” said Edwin M. Stanton in 1861. “It releases our young men to do battle for the Union, and at the same

time keeps up the supply of the nation's bread.

* * * It is fighting back famine in fifty countries. Its click has become the music of our international anthem. * * * The whole world takes dinner at one long table; the fear of hunger is dying out of the hearts of men; and the prayer of the Christian centuries is being answered—"Give us this day our daily bread."

All this the reaper has done, but back of the reaper forever stands the tenacious, dominating personality of the industrial genius and Reaper King—Cyrus H. McCormick—the man who once said: "I have one purpose in life, and only one—the success and widespread use of my machines. All other matters are to me too insignificant to be considered."

Morse Stevens of the University of California, in speaking of his history work, says that not the facts of history but the grasp of the atmosphere of the past—the enriched imaginations—counted with him in classifying the student's work. Is not this same point of view a good one for all acts? There was a time when the pupil in history learned a string of dates opposite dead uninteresting events. Like an old refrain, the star pupil could run off his list; this has long since passed. But even

yet, in teaching in general, imaginative "atmosphere" is lacking. What matters that Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin at such a date, if the influence leading him to do so and the far-reaching effects on the lives of his countrymen are not apparent? What significance in Gutenberg's invention of printing, if the student cannot read therein the need of the populace prior to that event and the emancipation of slaves of ignorance since?

Give the pupil this grasp of *things* through *personality*; show him that man's thoughts and deeds reach down through the centuries in the material embodiment which they create; further, show the pupil that this personality in things leads back generally through self-sacrifice, hard study, and character development to the spirituality of man—do this, and you have taught the force back of all thought, all good, all advancement; you have opened the way to a knowledge of God, the Creator.

CHAPTER II

GREAT LIVES AS GREAT TEACHERS

For as the highest Gospel was a Biography, so is the life of every good man still an indubitable Gospel and preaches to the eye and heart and whole man.

THOMAS CARLYLE

FROM the dawn of history to the present time, every epoch in the progress of mankind has been blazoned by the personality of some great leader. In all ages men have loved the hero and flocked to his call. It has been said that the reason no one can forecast events and the institutions of the next century is because none can tell "what idea God will drop into the soul of some man destined to be its leader."

The so-called histories of antiquity are largely the biographies of the great men of the time. To the extent to which these histories reveal the individual influences at work in shaping the sequence of events, to that extent do they compel our interest. Carlyle says: "The great man of an age, beyond comparison,

is the most important phenomenon therein; all other phenomena, were they Waterloo victories, Constitutions of the Year One, Glorious Revolutions, or what, are small and trivial."

The study of history grows out of a natural craving of the human heart to share in the experiences of others and to profit by such experiences. The most miserable, pitiable, prying gossip of a small neighborhood is only yielding to this common desire. According to a man's education, aims and ideals, will the eager interest in the affairs of his fellow men broaden and grow outward from the narrow confines of his own social circle to an acquaintanceship, through books and reading, with the world at large; and not only the affairs of men but the philosophy of the history of all times open to his mental gaze and enjoyment. And, indeed, all we are and may be is hourly influenced by the greater souls through whose work the world has advanced. For the influence of personality is a spiritual force; its subtle power eludes the analysis even of the one under its sway. We meet a great man on the street, grasp his hand, exchange a few sentences; and lo! our leaden feet have regained their elasticity; the world is good, and life is worth while. "I believe," says an old friend of Emerson, "no man ever had so deep an influence as

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he had on the life and thoughts of the young people of his day. I think there are many who would say that it has been one of the chief privileges of their lives to have lived at the same time with him." "Men are all mosaics of other men," says Drummond. To a degree each man is indeed his brother's keeper; daily, hourly, consciously or unconsciously, boldly or silently, each man gives to his fellow and takes from him those bits of influence that are built into the whole structure called *character*. "Men become false," says Charles Kingsley, "if they live with liars; cynics, if they live with scorners; mean, if they live with the covetous; affected, if they live with the affected; and actually catch the expression of each other's faces."

The poet Longfellow, after a short visit with Emerson, returned home and fairly "emitted poems and plays" for days. Let some famous man in a public address tell forcefully the story of the hardships that he endured while finishing his college course—a common enough tale perhaps, of poverty, privation, and indomitable courage—but to the sluggard youth in the audience, the personality of the speaker renders every word electric. The youth's negative soul is reached. In the sudden spiritual flare he registers a vow that

he, too, will do what this man has done; and as the years roll by, a new name in bold letters is added to the list of self-made leaders among men. Thackeray once said: "Might I give counsel to any young man; try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admire; they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly."

This personal inspiration, influencing and directing the lives of young people, may come as well from good books, especially the biographies of our greatest men and women. Think of the many lessons that emanate from some single act of a truly noble soul. What boy or girl can not be made braver and more unselfish by reading of Sir Philip Sidney's heroism on the battlefield of Zutphen when he, death stricken, pushed the cup of cold water from his own fever-parched lips and held it out to the dying soldier at his side? Nathan Hale's memorable words at the scaffold, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," and the immortal signal of Nelson at the time of apparent defeat, "England expects every man to do his duty," inspire a truly patriotic spirit. Captain Lawrence's

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words, "Don't give up the ship," are never forgotten by any vessel captain. The key note of Horace Mann's life, "Be ashamed to die until you have achieved some victory for mankind," has been a pillar of fire to many a life.

Even truer than the saying that it takes character to see character, is the fact that it takes character to inspire character. Fortunate above mortals may he count himself whose life is touched by the personality and influence of some fine soul that penetrates to the most sacred chamber of his heart; that first opens up the "holy of holies" to his own consciousness, drawing him up and supporting him on heights before unseen. When Sir Humphrey Davy was asked: "What was the greatest discovery of your life?" he answered, "Michael Faraday," who was the greatest English chemist and philosopher. To be with such a friend is worth more than the adulation of the whole world at lower levels; and such friendship is like the star leading on to the manger where the Christ Child lay.

Children are guided morally by personalities rather than by rules. The boy will imitate a Washington, Lincoln, or Grant, and will never forget them as great examples, while he will soon forget abstract patriotic teaching and talks on moral conduct. In reading the biog-

raphies of leaders among men, we learn that they attribute their success to the inspiring ideals of some hero, either of life or of fiction. This choice lies, too, with every youth; it is his to choose the highest or the commonplace, the truly fine or the ignoble. "Without high ideals we are like the eagle whose wings have been clipped. We were meant to soar and our ideals are the wings on which we mount. Without them we hover near the earth." The desire to mount existed before the feathers grew. "Of us it may be said that every well-meant trial and intention is part of a great process; each starts some feather in the eagle wings."

The character of man is revealed by a knowledge of his heroes. Those of Wendell Phillips in English History were Sir Walter Raleigh, Andrew Marvel, Pym, Sir Henry Vane, Cromwell, Chesterfield, De Foe, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, John Hunter, James Watt, and Brindley; in American History they were Jay, Franklin, Hamilton, Sam Adams, and Eli Whitney. Among novelists Richardson was a favorite; Scott he knew by heart. In French literature he preferred Sully, Rochefoucauld, De Retz, Pascal, Tocqueville, Guizot, and Victor Hugo. Among Englishmen he admired Swift, Ben Johnson, Jeremy Taylor, Massenger, Milton,

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Southey, Lamb, the elder D'Israeli, and Horace Walpole. Phillips called upon these great souls for guidance all through his life, and he so assimilated their lives and lessons that he himself became able to minister unto others as he had been ministered unto; for be it remembered, all we are, all we may be, though stirred from without, must grow from within. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Marcus Aurelius has well expressed this thought: "We ought, then, to check in the series of our thoughts everything that is without a purpose and useless, but most of all the over-curious and malignant feelings; and a man should accustom himself to think of those things only about which if one should suddenly ask, "What hast thou now in thy thoughts?" With perfect openness thou mightest immediately answer, this or that, so that from thy words it should be plain that everything in thee is simple and benevolent, and such as befits a social animal, and one that cares not for thoughts about pleasure or sensual enjoyments at all, or any rivalry or envy and suspicion, or anything else for which thou wouldst blush if thou shouldst say that thou hadst it in thy mind. For the man who harbors such thoughts is like a priest and minister of the gods, using, too, the deity which

is planted within him, which makes the man uncontaminated by pleasure, unharmed by any pain, untouched by any insult, feeling or wrong, a fighter in the noblest fight, one who cannot be over-powered by any passion, dyed deep with justice, accepting with all his soul everything which happens and is assigned to him as his portion."

It would be well to follow Carlyle's advice to pray daily to be brought face to face with the great men of the age—"the Fire-pillars in the dark pilgrimage of mankind—ever-living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed, embodied possibilities of human nature."

Herein lies the duty of the teacher—the necessity of impressing wholesome ideas of true greatness. "A man's greatness lies not in wealth and station," says Marcus Aurelius, "as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly; a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination, and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right."

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Moreover, the student in his search for genuine worth, must be led to see that admiration and the idealization of noble character does not mean weak imitation, but rather that he may recognize the respondent chords of nobility within his own nature and find nourishment and harmonious growth in the contemplation of his hero's strength and power. One learns through biography that there is an eternal principle at the base of all being and that in following its God-like stirring and in learning to listen to its secret murmuring, we, too, may have something of greatness, though it be not the greatness to which the world offers audible acclaim.

The greatest men have been most ready to acknowledge their obligations to biography. Many a man traces the dominant passion which has molded his whole life to the influence of some book read in youth. Jeremy Bentham, a philosopher and reformer, even ascribed his successful career to one meaningful phrase at the close of a pamphlet that gripped his imagination—"The greatest happiness of the greatest number." Luther was made a reformer by the life of John Huss. The career of Nelson has stirred many a man to heroism. Ignatius Loyola, a brave soldier caring only for adventure, at the age of thirty

was given a volume of the lives of the Saints to divert his mind while suffering from a severe wound. This book changed his future. He registered a holy vow to found a religious order, and the world knows how the Father of the Jesuits kept his vow. The biography of Dr. Arnold of Rugby did more to quicken Christian belief and nobility of purpose in schools and colleges during the last century than it is possible to estimate. No truthful account of his life could be written in which the honest and genuine spiritual sense of duty that characterized his deeply religious life did not point each paragraph and illumine every line. Napoleon Bonaparte was an avid student of biography, intent on tracing the influence of the greatest leaders in history in order to analyze the secrets of their powers.

"When I am sick of the world in church and state, in solitude and in society," says a sharp and stern thinker, "I turn for relief to the portraits of two saintly heroes, which hang in my library, and say to myself, 'these were honest and noble men, and they teach me never to despair of mankind or of myself.' In like manner there is nothing so quickening and elevating to the generous and high-minded as to read a few pages in the biography of one who has been a Prince among men for great-

ness and goodness combined." History, "the essence of innumerable biographies," is best taught to children in the early stages of their education, through the study of heroes representing the different periods of race development.

It is the duty of the teacher to know and to read the best biographies the world has produced; to know for what each life stands; to be able to discriminate the needs of the pupils and fit the lessons thereto; for "our chief dependence is on books to bring us into intercourse with the choice examples of human kind; to show us what they are or what they have been, as well as what they have taught; what they have done as well as what they have said; with what motives, from what impulses, with what powers, to what ends, in what spirit the work of their lives has been done. When biography does this for us, it is one of the most precious forms of literature."

The world is over-running with good, and the plastic mind and receptive heart of youth should be guarded from all save the best. The best is that which emphasizes honor, trustworthiness, truth, integrity of purpose and matchless courage. The average boy loves the heroes of adventure. Give him well-written lives of famous generals, captains and heroes

who have passed to honor and fame through real victories, who have courageously fought for the truth, their country, or humanity, and it need not be feared that he will crave the surreptitious perusals of the "Diamond Dick" depravity. The characters which the boy grows to admire will determine that boy's future. The wisest of men said "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Close association with one beloved and admired for his fine qualities acts like an opiate on grosser natures, and for the time—perhaps for all time—his goodness is reflected by those who walk with him. "Few men and women come to clear consciousness of their own individual freedom and responsibility without the aid and fellowship of some one who has traveled the same road and left a record of experience by the way. The art of living is so difficult and so exacting of many kinds of skill, that few men develop it with any power or originality without the guidance of the great spirits who have made themselves its masters." Sedgwick makes a wise suggestion: "One sometimes wonders if a change might not without hurt be made in the studies of boys; whether Greek Composition, or even solid geometry—studies rolled upward like a stone

to roll down again at the year's end with a glorious splash into the pool of oblivion,—might not be discontinued, and in its stead a course in biography be put.”

Many a man of excellent character and good principles, who is singularly careful in the selection of associates for himself and his family, makes no pretense of censorship over his children's reading. The son reads of swash-buckler heroes and adventures that never were nor may be; the daughters of the house imbibe the modern fiction with its covert sneers at religion and its noxious “problem” plots; and unconsciously, their plastic minds yield to the blighting influences which years of sorrow and bitter experience alone may serve to eradicate. It is as essential that the child's fancy be peopled with the highest types of heroes and fed with splendid ideals of character, as that his rapidly growing body be carefully nourished. At least as much time should be given by his elders to the selection of his literature as is bestowed upon the choice of the roast and the quality of the dessert at dinner. Think of allowing a boy to feed his craving for hero worship unguided and unsupplied with the best! It is remarkable how many noted men attribute their inspiration to succeed to the reading of “Plutarch's Lives.” Plutarch, the

great biographer, presents a galaxy of wondrous portraits of the public men of seven centuries. "He opens to our view not only the individual careers which made and unmade empires, but also the familiar concerns of classical antiquity, the life of the household and shop and market, the anecdotes, the superstitions, the customs and the rights." Despite the fact that so great a writer as Macaulay scoffs at Plutarch's manner of treating his characters, comparing it to "a certain nondescript broth kept constantly boiling and copiously poured, without distinction over every dish as it comes up to the table," many a boy can find in "Plutarch's Lives" portraits to his taste and improvement.

It is to be deplored that genius does not more often take up the task of biography writing. If a story of a man's life does not interest the reader, the fault lies with the biographer. The life of the lowliest man would interest the highest, if genius wielded the pen. No human soul can be really commonplace. In an essay on "Popular Culture," John Morley expresses a similar thought: "For one thing, you never know what child in rags and pitiful squalor that meets you in the street may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful

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things or noble acts. In that great storm of terror that swept over France in 1793, a certain man, who was every hour expecting to be led off to the guillotine, uttered this memorable sentiment: 'Even at this incomprehensible moment,' he said, 'when mortality, enlightenment, love of country—all of them only make death at the prison door, or on the scaffold, more certain—yes, on the fatal tumbril itself, with nothing free but my voice, I would still say *Take care!* to a child that should come too near the wheel; perhaps I may save his life; perhaps he may one day save his country.' This is a generous and inspiring thought—one to which the roughest handed man or woman in Birmingham may respond as honestly as the philosopher who wrote it. It ought to shame the listlessness with which so many of us see the great phantasmagoria of life pass before us."

Macaulay in speaking of the value of dramatic biography in history, says: "By the delineation of character, we do not mean the practice of drawing up epigrammatic catalogues of good and bad qualities and appending them to the names of eminent men.
* * * Our histories miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imag-

ination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well-written books of this kind have acquired, deserves the serious consideration of historians. Voltaire's "Charles the XII," Marmontel's "Memoirs," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and Southey's "Life of Nelson" are perused with delight by the most frivolous and indolent. The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratic contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. They have imposed on themselves a code of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama. The most characteristic circumstances are omitted or softened down, because, as we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain, who died a martyr to ceremony, because the proper dignitaries were not on hand to render him assistance."

But even the stupidly written story of a life is better than one embellished to the point of untruthfulness. What we long for in the biog-

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raphy of a great man is the vivid setting forth of his inward struggles, of his aims as well as his achievements, of the soul problems which gave his life meaning for his fellow men. The biographies that reveal the mainsprings of action in human lives, as well as the spiritual truths of being, are the ones that will work miracles in the heart of a youth. Beautiful Bible characters, the lives of noble women, the stories of martyrs, heroes, knights, and the best biographies of fiction make a choice collection sufficiently varied to meet innumerable needs. "The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare; not only a Boyle, but a Raphael; not only a Kant, but a Beethoven; not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable."

The study of Biblical characters is important, but many of our public schools have all but entirely eliminated this essential study. Teachers fear criticism from sects in their respective communities. The Bible, of course, should not be taught as supporting any certain creeds; however, a general use of the Bible is not prohibited, as the statute says the Bible shall not be excluded from the public schools. Portions of the Scripture may be read and the

lives of the great Biblical characters studied in such manner as to give no offense to any reasonable person. Wise parents tell the stories of the Bible to their children, and both parents and children find them the most fascinating of all stories. "David and Goliath" is more interesting than "Jack the Giant Killer;" "Joseph and his Brothers" is a most excellent story, and the battles of Joshua and David are as wonderful as those of "King Arthur and the Round Table." When the stories are well chosen no other book is as delightful to children as the Bible.

Ruskin's mother compelled him as a child to recite whole chapters of the Bible daily, and to read it through once a year. Of all the knowledge which Ruskin afterwards acquired he counted this intimate acquaintance with the Bible as, on the whole, the most essential part of his education and to it he attributed his clear and masterful use of English. Nothing in biography can be better than the lives of Abraham, Joseph, David, Daniel, Moses, Solomon, Esther, Ruth, and Job, in the Old Testament; while the New Testament contains great treasures in the lives of Christ, Paul, James, John, Stephen, and many others.

Some years ago the editor of an English magazine sent a communication to "the hun-

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dred greatest men in Great Britain" asking this question: "If, for any reason you were to spend a year absolutely alone, in prison for instance, and could select from your library three volumes to be taken with you as companions in your period of confinement, please to inform us what those three books would be." The inquiry was sent to the peers of the realm, prominent leaders in politics, judges, authors, manufacturers, merchants, gentlemen of leisure—men who would represent every aspect of successful life. In the answers it was found that ninety-eight of the hundred men named the Bible first on the list of three books to be chosen. The Bible is rightly popular because it is a religious and moral guide, because it is a book of wonderful stories of heroes, and because it is truly a literary classic.

Boys and girls not only dream of becoming like the characters they admire, but often unconsciously they, as did "Ernest," in Hawthorne's story "The Great Stone Face," grow like unto their ideals. The influence of ideals set before them reaches into the lives of the pupils in a way that eludes the teacher and parent—both wonder where certain opinions and actions originate without being able to discover the cause. Even the pupil cannot account for it, for he is not conscious in many instances of

following any one in conduct. Time is frequently worse than wasted in an ineffectual attempt to drive home a moral lesson or stamp a principle by means of the abstract, when the end may be accomplished, often with ease, through the stories of individual experiences. The same life problems, though in various guises, come largely to all. In the range of biography lie powerful possibilities for the teacher. There is a life story adapted to the teaching of each phase of ethics.

Look at the momentous life of Lord Shaftsbury, of whom Gladstone said: "The safety of our country is not in law or legislature, but in Christian gentlemen like unto Lord Shaftsbury." Possessed of wealth, rank, honors, and social graces, this wonderfully fine character devoted his life to ameliorating the wretchedness of the London poor. He gave his wealth, he gave his time, and better still, he poured out his sympathy and brotherhood. He left the luxuries and ease of his home to spend his nights in finding the homeless to whom he offered shelter. He freed forty thousand children from the loom with his motto of "Schools before the ballot." He established "ragged" night schools for thousands of children; he founded all sorts of homes and refuges; he was instrumental in improving the laws to benefit

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the poor; iniquities shriveled up under his presence; and dying, he said: "I cannot bear to go away and leave the world with so much misery in it." When his labors were ended the whole nation mourned him. "Rich and poor, high born and low born alike followed his earthly remains to Westminster Abbey. Royalty, lords, commons, merchants, statesmen, scholars, factory hands, seamstresses, flower girls, chimney sweeps, costermongers, laborers from east and west, from north and south, by hundreds of thousands, as members of one family, wept over his grave as for a beloved father." The story of this man's life is an education to the heart and mind and no one is so benumbed as to escape its stirring inspiration to unselfishness and responsibility for our brother's needs.

A snatch of such reading is like the injection of new and generous blood into the veins, refreshing as cold water to the thirsty and faint, and as stimulating as highly oxygenated atmosphere. The boy or girl who has favorite biographies presenting noble ideals to which he or she habitually turns, is greatly blessed; for many problems that await farther down life's pathway have thus been solved in advance.

CHAPTER III

WORK-A-DAY HEROES

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

UNFORTUNATELY most of the biographies written for young people are those of either warriors or statesmen. In this we have not yet broken away from early traditions. When the race was young and the tribes went out to battle, one lusty savage often slew more than his allotment of the enemy. The story of his prowess passed down from father to son, and behold, a hero! Even after men grew civilized and humane, still under the thrall of traditional belief, the first place was given to the hero of battle. Finally, the military heroes shared honors with the great statesmen, and the last century shows a marked growth in the respect and admiration bestowed on the heroes of industry.

Since a large majority of the young people will follow industrial, scientific or literary pursuits, it is wise to present frequently the heroes of science, commerce, literature, art, and invention. Dean Briggs, of Harvard University says: "If asked for what a college stands beyond all else, I should be tempted to say, for the high meaning of the every day act and the every day life; for the beauty of work, of unselfish, devoted work with ambition to do the appointed task. If a higher task comes, take it as you would the lower—always with scrupulous fidelity and with that touch of something beyond mere accuracy which makes fidelity heroic. I have seen men and women filling subordinate positions with this kind of heroism—men and women whose lives, shut close as it seemed on every side, would have been arid as the sand if in their hearts they had not said like Mercy in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'I purpose never to have a clog in my soul.'"

The real conquerors of the world are not the noted generals of history, but the workers and thinkers. "The heroism of the scholar and truth-seeker is not 'less admirable'" says John Morley, "than the heroism of the man-at-arms." The world is rapidly recognizing the workers rather than the shedders of blood; and

honors are offered to those who labor heroically with their hands for the good of humanity. It is not so much the great men that the world needs as it is a great number of good men. The world could well have dispensed with the greatness of Herod and Nero. Men are learning that disgrace and commonplace existence lie not in the choice of a lowly profession or menial work, but rather in the insincere, half-hearted performance of common tasks.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise—
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.”

An English author has expressed the belief that many men “achieve reputations when all eyes are focused upon them, who fall into petty worthlessness amid obscurity and monotony. Life’s crowning victory belongs to those who have won no brilliant battle, suffered no crushing wrong; who have figured in no great drama, whose sphere was obscure, but who have loved great principles midst small duties, nourished sublime hopes amid vulgar cares, and illustrated eternal principles in trifles.”

The task cannot make the man a menial; this happens only when the laborer fails to subjugate and become master of his task. Better


a faithful worker in the trench than a dilettante in art or science, better an honest boot-black than a shirker in a higher rank of life. Some one writing of happiness says: "The best things are nearest; breath in the nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life." One of the most pleasing aspects of modern times is the presence of art in lowly homes, giving the touch of grace to every modest belonging. Delightful manifestations of skill in ornament appearing in the wood, lead, iron and common crockery, and in the culture of plants and flowers elevate the cottage life. "The aim of art is to express the sublime in the trivial." Donald G. Mitchell says of Shakespeare: "No, no; this man did not go about in quest of newness; only little geniuses do that; but the great genius goes along every commonest roadside looking on every commonest sight of tree or flower, of bud, of death, of birth, of flight, of labor, of song; leads in old tracks, deals in old truths, but with such illuminating power that they all come home to men's souls with new penetrative force and new life in them. He catches by intuition

your commonest thoughts and puts them into new and glorified shape."

After all, everywhere, it is the man that counts—the man of character, force, leadership, fighting blood—call it what you will; but always and forever the hue and cry is for men.. Money, pride of birth, even brains, are weighed in the balance and found wanting when pitted against the man who does things and who wrests largess from the hands of success at every turn; and what is more, the seemingly sordid and truculent world is offering honor and memorials to the work of the humble doers of things as well as to the cob-web fancies of the dreamers. It is looking out, too, for the comforts of the day laborer and teaching him to sing at his work and to have that gladness of soul that cannot stoop to be sordid and dull. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard University advises the day laborer to go from his cottage to his work by the most beautiful streets, that the buildings, trees, and flowers, he sees on his way to and from home may assist him to become a more loving father and a better citizen.

Genius is "the infinite capacity for taking pains"—the everlasting stick-to-it-iv-ness, the indomitable courage and unflagging will. The first steps toward genius pass over the same

toilsome track that leads to success in the work-a-day world, the two paths in the beginning of the journey vary but little. When one has mastered the rudiments of success in the humblest walk of life, he has advanced a good part of the way towards genius. This is the lesson of all lessons to teach the fiery, headstrong, impatient, impetuous blood of youth. Many lives have gone out in failure, disgrace and despair, because in early life these untried souls were allowed to believe that genius would come at their impassioned call and yield unresistingly to their blandishments, because of a great power within themselves. "It is no man's business," says Ruskin, "whether he has genius or not; work he must whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural results of work will always be the things that God meant him to do and will be his best." "All that I have accomplished," says Elihu Burritt, "or expect or hope to accomplish, has been, and will be, by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. If I was ever actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an ex-



ample in employing those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.' "

Brilliant students are always pleasing to a teacher, but great scholarship does not always indicate future success, unless it is accompanied by a strong and well-tempered will power. Nature seldom endows a character with both of these traits. One student may be exceptionally bright in scholarship, mastering easily any task assigned him, yet he may be unable to cope stubbornly and persistently with life's problems, because of a weak will. Another may be slow and dull in the classroom and yet possess a will that drives him on by slow degrees to ultimate success.

"Self-made" men and women are usually those with an average endowment of intellectual powers and with an unusual degree of will power and pugnacity, working with a grim determination to achieve their purpose. It matters but little how one is handicapped by circumstances in early life, nor how dense the initial ignorance, nor how apparently weak the untrained powers may be, for by persistent effort in the mastery of small things in early life, larger things will be accomplished in the future. Genius rarely comes from within, but even men thus gifted have been the hardest students and workers—genius drove them

on as an implacable task-master and gave them no rest. If the youth could be made to realize that it matters not at all about genius but that it is work—unremitting labor—faithful performance of duties that count, he would hold in his hand the key of success as well as that which opens the way to genius, for as Carlyle says: "Genius is eternal patience." The proverb—"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," has never been interpreted by half. We are only beginning to understand the beauty of labor. Idle hands often mean idle brains, perverted theories of life, and false doctrines. "I do not care where the work is," says Ruskin, "the man or woman who does work worth doing is the man or woman who lives, breathes, and sleeps that work; with whom it is ever present in his or her soul; whose ambition is to do it well and feel rewarded by the thought of having done it well."

It should be remembered, too, that of all the children who come to school, for the one child destined to be great, hundreds pass on to the ranks of plain citizens not even to become industrial heroes, but humble hewers of wood and drawers of water. To the extent that the great majority of pupils have learned the important lesson that greatness and nobleness more frequently than otherwise are coupled

with meekness and humble service—to that extent the teacher has acquitted himself of one of his highest and noblest duties.

John Morley speaks interestingly on this subject: "The boisterous old notion of hero-worship, which has been preached by so eloquent a voice in our age is, after all, now seen to be half truth, and to contain the less edifying and the less profitable half of the truth. The world will never be able to spare its hero, and the man with the rare and inexplicable gift of genius will always be as commanding a figure as he has ever been. What we see every day with increasing clearness is that not only the well-being of the many, but the chances of exceptional genius, moral or intellectual, in the gifted few, are highest in a society where the average interest, curiosity, capacity, are all highest. The moral of this for you and for me is plain. We cannot, like Beethoven or Handel, lift the soul by the magic of divine melody into the seventh heaven of ineffable vision and hope incommensurable. We cannot, like Newton, weigh the far-off stars in a balance, and measure the heavings of the eternal flood; we cannot, like Voltaire, scorch up what is cruel and false by a word as a flame; nor, like Milton or Burke, awaken men's hearts with the note of an or-

gan-trumpet; we cannot, like the great saints of the churches and the great sages of the schools, add to those acquisitions of spiritual beauty and intellectual mastery which have, one by one, and little by little, raised men from being no higher than the brute to be only a little lower than the angels; but what we can do—the humblest of us—is by diligently using our minds and diligently seeking to extend our own opportunities to others to help swell that common tide, on the force and the set of whose current depends the prosperous voyaging of humanity. When our names are blotted out and our places know us no more, the energy of each social service will remain, and so, too, let us not forget, will each social dis-service remain, like the unending stream of one of nature's forces. The thought that this is so may well lighten the poor perplexities of our daily life, and even soothe the pang of its calamities; it lifts us from our feet as if on wings, opening a larger meaning to our private toil and a higher purpose to our public endeavor; it marks the morning as we awake to its welcome, and the evening like a soft garment as it wraps us about; it nerves our arm with boldness against oppression and injustice, and strengthens our voice with deeper accents against falsehood, while we are yet in

the full noon of our days—yes, and perhaps it will shed some ray of consolation when our eyes are growing dim to it all, and we go down into the Valley of Darkness.”

Another writer says: “The time has come—it has been too long delayed—for a new adjustment, a new distribution of honors and rewards upon a basis commensurate with our present actual civilization. The soldier who risks his life to save the state, or is at the state’s command, is a proper pensioner. But he is no more truly a public servant, nor the exponent or agent of patriotism, than the statesman or the teacher; and the policeman, the engineer, the fireman, and the surfman, faithful and firm at their dangerous posts, place us under equal obligation and deserve as well at our hands. Haltingly and at scattered points the community is beginning to recognize this fact.” This same writer in lamenting the dearth in our country of memorials and statues in honor of “heroes of peace,” sums up the prominence given to military heroes as the “measure of our barbarity.”

“Let us praise famous men,” says the writer of Ecclesiasticus; but he hastens to remind us that there are humbler men who in their places are merciful and righteous and wise, but who so often “perish as though they had never been

and are become as though they had never been born." They "have no memorial, but they leave a good inheritance, and their glory shall not be blotted out." In the future the mercy and righteousness and wisdom of humbler men will have far more memorials than in the past; moral character and social service, rather than power and show, will be what men and states will elect to honor. This is what democracy demands and what democracy means.

To live in the hearts of one's fellowmen, it is necessary to forget self; the greatest souls are the most self-sacrificing. Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte displayed marvelous ingenuity in marshaling armies and riding from one victory to another, but the world has weighed these victories as to their motives and their results on the world's progress. And what institutions—what temples of learning and progress—what victories for mankind stand to-day to glorify these brilliant campaigns? Human lives by the hundreds of thousands, enough to people and to make flourish a new continent were cruelly tortured, sacrificed and left to die on the altar of ambitious and selfish military genius. What a contrast to such examples lies in the life of a Socrates, a Savonarola, a Lincoln, a Gladstone, or a Pestalozzi; men willing to sacrifice all wordly

things for right and the eternal principles of truth—men ready to die for righteousness and for their fellow men. A man engrossed in his own advancement only, can scarcely hope to comprehend in the least the beautiful life of one devoted to the service of others. The Roman soldier in taking the life of Archimedes thought only of military rule. His view of life was so narrow and blinded he could not understand that striking his victim to death meant a loss to the world of a noble character destined to advance civilization as but few men could. The greatest benefactors are those who give most—give not of selfishly hoarded gold, but of the heart's deepest sympathy and love; aye, give of their life blood in the up-building of their brother man.

Of extreme self-denying benefactors the missionaries of the world stand first. Their suffering can never be fully known, and their influence upon the world, commercial as well as ethical and religious, cannot be estimated. These noble workers have given most and they have made the world their great debtor. Their deeds are recorded in golden letters in the hearts of men. It has been said of them: "Whenever the world's civilization shall desire to see heroes that laid the deep foundations of our age and the coming of more golden

time, it will have to pass by the glittering mail of knights and see the Pauls and Marquettes and Elliots and Duffs moving around wearing the Sword of the Spirit and the richly jeweled helmet of salvation." It was in the role as missionary that David Livingstone gave to the world one of her greatest heroes. To the many millions of the Dark Continent Livingstone carried a new dawn. He spent his life in the spiritual and physical emancipation of the slaves of Africa, and opened to the world the wealth of that continent. "This scarred hero differs from our perfumed effeminates as an ironclad differs from a pleasure yacht, as a piece of iron from a painted lath, as Cromwell differs from Beau Brummell."

Father Damien, the young missionary priest giving himself as a living sacrifice to the well-being and comfort of the lepers, is one of the world's examples of true heroism. The lepers of Molokai blessed him as their saint. Leaving home, parents, comfort, and all that life usually holds dear, he went to minister to the poor unfortunate people stricken with the dreaded malady—leprosy—for which no cure has yet been found. He spent years in this noble work. He found the island a bleak and unsanitary place and brought relief in many

ways. He opened a natural reservoir not far away which supplied an abundance of pure water. He built houses, made gardens, raised poultry, and diverted the attention of the stricken to things other than their affliction. He enlisted the interest of the outside world which rejoiced to serve under his direction the doomed people of the abandoned island. At last after years of service the disease began to attack him. His forehead became swollen and rigid; he lost his eyebrows; his ears were greatly enlarged, and his body began to lose its sense of feeling. With all this suffering he went on ministering spiritually and physically to his chosen people but with no airs of a martyr, saint or hero, for it is said of him that a humbler man never lived. "People pity me," said he, "and think me unfortunate but I think myself the happiest of missionaries. * * *

I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work." His death was as his life had been—a prayerful one. His last words were: "Well—God's will be done. He knows best. My work, with all its faults and failures, is in His hands, and before Easter I shall see my Savior."

In the great City of London there is a little red-roofed cloister in the Postman's Park with

space in the walls for nearly one hundred and fifty tablets. These tablets, glazed white and bearing simple inscriptions in blue letters, are national memorials to the men and women who lost their lives in saving life—to heroes of the work-a-day world. These records were placed here by the painter Watts and since his death his wife has continued the work of adding to them. "It is another Book of Acts—the acts of a fortunately monumented few whose names have been snatched almost by chance from among those of the uncounted thousands, who, through generations, in their humble places, cheered by no trumpet and no hope of pension, have had the fibrous faith that made them faithful unto death, saving others because they would not save themselves."

It is not necessary to go far to learn valuable lessons in moral courage. In the commonplace life of neighbors and friends will be found examples of virtues which always underlie the success of the conspicuous hero. The laborer who never fails to give an honest day's work, the shop keeper who uses the kind of material paid for, the thrifty housewife and loving mother who is content that her life shine in the success of her husband or son, the public-spirited citizen contributing unselfishly to the welfare of others, are common people per-

forming ordinary duties; but they, as examples, are as important to the moral growth of the child as is the hero's dash into the enemy's ranks. In learning the goodness of the great, the student's respect for the virtues of the many should increase. Practice of the higher virtues in the common walks of life prepares one for the test of answering to his "country's call." The sudden renown of many of the world's heroes has come as a climax to years of self-discipline, hard training, and unconscious heroism in the quiet walks of life. This knowledge helps one to become a doer in everyday right-living rather than a dreamer of feats of future heroism.

"Two men I honor, and no third," says Carlyle, "first, the toilworn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's; venerable to me is the hard hand. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. These two in all their degrees I honor; all else is chaff and dust."

Andrew D. White tells a story of a late governor of a western state who on an eastern tour after an exciting political campaign, took his young son to see the suspension bridge at Ni-

agara. He stopped before the inscription on one of the towers, and reading there the name of the engineer, he said to the boy: "There, my son, I would rather see your name upon some great structure like that, as the man who designed it, than to see you the most successful politician in the United States."

Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, was always poor and retained to the last a simplicity almost provincial. His father was a farmer-mechanic, plying the shoemaker's awl during the winter and the sickle and hoe in the summer season. Elihu became apprentice to a blacksmith at sixteen. His brother, who worked his way through and graduated from Williams College, urged Elihu to go to college also. He went one term and returned to the anvil reading and studying under his own direction during spare hours. He studied mathematics and languages. He is said to have learned eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two dialects. An idea of how he became the prodigy whose fame reached abroad can be gained from a journal kept in those early arduous days:

"Monday, June 18: headache; forty pages of Cuvier's 'Theory of Earth,' 64 pages French; 11 hours forging.

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"Tuesday, June 19: 60 lines of Hebrew; 30 pages French; 10 lines Cuvier; 8 lines Syriac; 10 lines Danish; 10 ditto Bohemian; 9 ditto Polish; 15 names of stars; 10 hours forging.

"Wednesday, June 20: 25 lines Hebrew; eight lines Syriac; 11 hours forging.

"Thursday, June 21: 55 lines Hebrew; 8 lines Syriac; 11 hours forging.

"Friday, June 22: Unwell; 12 hours forging.

"Saturday, June 23: Lesson for Bible class."

Certainly this sets forth an austere life for a youth in his early twenties. Burritt, though a man of the forge, did a great world-service as an advocate for international peace. He delivered hundreds of "friendly international addresses" in Europe and America. The object of his work was "to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war." He believed that Europe and America should be in easy and friendly intercourse at all times and to this end he secured the reduction of ocean postage. Since those first peace congresses the principle of arbitration has grown and the many treaties show that the doctrine of peace is gaining headway and the work of Elihu Burritt will be studied more in the fu-

true than it has been in the past. His life will not have fully flowered until there is universal peace, and the springs of action in this great life were set to work in a blacksmith shop!

A Darwin experimenting for forty years with his earth worms, comparing, noting, writing, planning his life so far ahead with faith in himself, his work, and his future; a Herschel so busy with his splendid studies that he "has no time to make money;" or any one of the countless heroes of the laboratory or the hospital ward in our own day calmly facing death through the contagion of a known and dreaded disease but determined to add one single item to the accumulated knowledge of the race, are so near akin to the best ideals of the Christian faith, that the hearts of the people should leap within them at the contemplation of such men.

A little more of just such wholesome sentiment is needed in the choice of ideals presented to the boys and girls of the public schools. Let the pupils study the lives of characters like Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the spinning jenny and founder of cotton manufactures; Hugh Miller, stone mason and geologist; James Watt, famous engineer and inventor; David Livingstone, scholar and Christian explorer; Louis Agassiz and John James

Audubon, scientists; Benjamin Franklin, successful man in business, science, diplomacy and literature; Robert Morris, finance hero of the Revolution; Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine; Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, musicians; Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, poets; Raphael, Angelo, Turner, Bonheur, Titian, Rembrandt, artists; Horace Mann, Thomas Arnold, David Page, Mary Lyon, Booker T. Washington, teachers. The dignity of labor can be taught most effectively through a study of the lives of heroes of labor working for the good of humanity. Parton's "Captains of Industry," Emily Pearson's "Gutenberg and the Art of Printing" and Gladstone's "Michael Faraday" are illustrative of this kind of biography.

Jacob A. Riis relates the following anecdote which seems good enough to pass along. It may serve to point several morals; any teacher may readily find in it a hint applicable both to himself and his pupils: "Patrick Mullen was an honest blacksmith. He made guns for a living. He made them so well that one with his name on it was worth a good deal more than the market price of guns. Other makers went to him with offers of money for the use of his stamp; but they never went twice. When

sometimes a gun of very superior make was brought to him to finish, he would stamp it P. Mullen, never Patrick Mullen. Only to that which he himself had wrought he gave his honest name without reserve. When he died, judges and bishops and other great men crowded to his modest home by the East River, and wrote letters to the newspapers telling how proud they had been to call him friend. Yet he was, and remained to the end, plain Patrick Mullen, blacksmith and gunmaker. In his life he supplied the answer to the sigh of dreamers in all days: "When will the millennium come?" It will come when every man is a Patrick Mullen at his own trade, not merely a P. Mullen, but a Patrick Mullen."

"I sing for God," cried Jenny Lind, who did not always sing in Cathedrals. "I pray with my fingers," said a celebrated organist; and millions of toilers make shrines of their workshops and transform rough tools into sacred vessels to carry blessings to the world. George Eliot beautifully expresses the glory of man's work in the poems, "Stradivarius:" "

NALDO—Why work with painful nicety?

STRADIVARI—Who draws a line and satisfies
his soul,

Making it crooked where it should be straight?

. . . God be praised,

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Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the True.

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NALDO—A pretty kind of fame at best
 Making violins and saves no masses either;
Thou wilt go to purgatory none the less.

STRADIVARI—'Twere purgatory here to make
 them ill;

And for my fame—When any master holds
'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good;
They will choose mine, and while
 God gives them skill
I give them instruments to play upon
God choosing me to help him.

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My work is mine, and, heresy or not,
 If my hand slacked, I should rob God. . .
I say, not God himself can make man's best
Without best men to help him. I am one best
Here in Cremona, using sunlight well
To fashion finest maple till it serves
More cunningly than throats for harmony.
'Tis rare delight; I would not change my skill
To be the Emperor with bungling hands,

And lose my work which comes as natural
 As self at waking. . . .
 'Tis God gives skill
 But not without men's hands—
 He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio.

With children, especially, rare judgment is needed to guard against the presentation of ideals beyond their moral apperception. The child loves the humbler ideals. Try giving a school an account of the lavish and noble charity of some truly great and wealthy woman. Follow this with the simple story of the old Apple-woman of London, of whom some one has said: "Her history makes the story of kings and queens contemptible." Though a poor illiterate woman living in two bare rooms in the garret of a tenement, suffering cold and hunger, she found waifs colder and hungrier still, and she took them in. During her life she shared her home with a score of orphan children. Not only this, but she mothered them, and taught them all she knew, divided her earnings, helped many of them to honest trades, and some to emigrate to more hopeful opportunities. When she died, as she lay in her humble garret, it is said that her

misshapen features still showed the beautiful reflection of the soul that had fled. The story of her life has incited hundreds to charitable deeds and has influenced national reforms. The children love this story; it touches their hearts and quickens ideals of unselfish love that reach and influence their every-day experiences.

CHAPTER IV

BIOGRAPHY OF YOUTH AND AGE

"It is not the man of greatest natural vigor and capacity who achieves the highest results, but he who employs his powers with the greatest industry and the most careful discipline and skill—the skill that comes by labor, application and experience."

A STUDY of the great men of all ages offers ample proof that no limit can be set to years of man's mental virility. There has been considerable investigation in the last few years to determine whether or not there is foundation for the statement that man passes his age of plasticity at forty years. Careful analysis has been made of the intellectual activities of hundreds of the most famous men the world has known. This investigation and study considered men noted as workers as well as those of intellectual fame, and all the great professions were included. Careful note was made of the age of the greatest mental activity of these men. The age was found to vary from marked precocity, to ma-

turity, and even as late as between the ages of thirty and forty. The average at which this activity was manifested was found to be twenty-four years. Those professions dependent on emotional conditions and highly developed imaginations show activity at a very early age. Musicians were found to be exceptionally precocious. Mozart played in public at the age of four years. Verdi was appointed organist at ten, and composed a symphony at fifteen. Wagner was a composer of excellent music at fifteen, and at twenty his first symphony was performed. Schubert began composing songs at thirteen, and Rossini sang solos in church at ten.

Of these great masters of music, many who showed extreme cleverness at an early age continued to advance in ability, and gave some of their greatest work to the world after the supposed age of virility had been long passed. Beethoven, "that prince of musicians, who occupies in music the place held by Shakespeare in poetry, did not compose anything entitled to mention until after he had reached his twenty-fifth birthday."

Slow children, and those who have in charge the training of such children, should be encouraged by the knowledge that many men and women who have developed excep-

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tional powers after maturity were considered lacking in the average ability belonging to childhood. Henry Ward Beecher was a dull child and his step-mother wrote to a friend: "Charles (younger) learns quite fast and will overtake Henry, who has no great love for his books." He was considered the stupid child in a family of children brighter than the average.

Hans Christian Andersen was the son of poor, obscure parents. In his autobiography he speaks of his father as "a man of richly gifted and truly poetical mind." Of his mother, he wrote: "She was ignorant of life and the world, but possessed a heart full of love." In early years Andersen displayed less than the average ability, and when he was a well-grown lad he had learned only "religion, writing, and arithmetic; and the last badly enough." He said: "I could scarcely spell a word correctly. The people spoke of my odd ways and turned me to ridicule." But the fire of genius burned in the heart of the boy and at the age of fourteen he set out for Copenhagen with the determination of becoming an actor.

Later, his ambition to compose plays and songs drove him to become a student. After suffering innumerable hardships and partial starvation, through which he never weakened

in his purpose to accomplish great things in the world, a friend succeeded in getting him placed in a grammar school. "My place in the school," he says, "was in the lowest class, among little boys; I knew, indeed, nothing at all. I was actually like a wild bird confined in a cage; I had the greatest desire to learn but for the moment I floundered about as if I had been thrown into the sea; one wave followed another—grammar, geography, and mathematics. I felt myself overpowered by them and feared that I should never be able to acquire them." In the midst of all this discouragement, his teacher upbraided him for stupidity; but having at last composed something that commanded favorable notice instead of the former ridicule, he henceforward found sympathy and the much-needed help. Persistence and belief in self won the day; and in a few years people who had scoffed at the daring ambitions of the eccentric, ignorant youth, were only too glad to be permitted to do him honor. Oliver Goldsmith's teacher pronounced him the most stupid boy that had ever taxed her teaching powers. Lowell was reprimanded in his sophomore year "for general negligence in themes, forensics, and recitations." "At fifteen years of age Coleridge wanted to be a shoemaker—and almost suc-

ceeded, and two or three years later he just escaped medicine, so little had his literary ability revealed itself to him or to others."

Napoleon Bonaparte distinguished himself in school in no way, unless it was in mathematics; he graduated forty-second in his class and the question is asked, "Who were the forty-one above him?" William H. Seward used to read novels in school instead of studying and his teacher sent a report to his father which said the boy was too stupid to learn. Patrick Henry was fond of outdoor sports but hated confinement and was too idle in school to profit much by the educational advantages offered there. His school mates recall no evidence of the genius that shone out after he reached maturer years. After failure in business, owing to indolence, he took up law in a last hope. Yet neither he nor his friends had any particular confidence in his success. "But the rest of his life is the country's history."

Sir Isaac Newton at twelve was an inattentive pupil and made no progress with his studies. Samuel Johnson was a most indifferent student and established a reputation for indolence. Swift's college record shows no promise of brilliancy and he was allowed finally to take his degree only by "special favor." As late as seventeen years of age

Wordsworth had not learned to study but spent his time in reading, and he was a disappointment to all his friends because of his aimless shifting from one thing to another and apparent inability to settle down to one thing.

"Robert Fulton was a dullard because his mind was filled with thoughts about other things than his studies," and it is said his teachers used the birch rod as a "frequent persuader." Alexander Von Humboldt says of his early years: "Until I reached the age of sixteen, I showed little inclination for scientific pursuits. I was of a restless disposition, and wished to be a soldier. The choice was displeasing to my family, who were desirous that I devote myself to the study of finance, so that I had no opportunity of attending a course of botany or chemistry; I am self-taught in almost all the sciences with which I am now so occupied, and I acquired them comparatively late in life." Humboldt had never heard of a Botany when he was nineteen years of age.

Heine made no record of worth in school. "He hated French meters and could not write their verses, so his teacher vowed he had no soul for poetry and called him a barbarian from the German woods."

George Eliot learned to read with dif-

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ficulty and at no time in childhood evinced a trace of her later brilliancy. Harriet Martineau's parents considered her dull, unobservant and unwieldly. She was born musically gifted and is said never to have sung out of tune, but she was unable to do anything in the presence of her irritable master, Mr. Beckwith. "Now and then he complimented my ear," said she, "but he oftener told me that I had no more mind than the music book, and that it was no manner of use to try to teach me anything. All this time if the room door happened to be open without my observing it, when I was singing Handel by myself my mother would be found dropping tears over her work, and I used myself, as I may now own, to feel fairly transported."

It happens frequently that the parents of a precocious child have a far more difficult problem to work out than the parents of a dull and exceedingly backward child. The saying, "A wit at five and a fool at twenty," is not true—neither is it false. The many times, however, that the adage has proved true renders precocity a thing too dangerous to be desired. "Indeed, it may, just as surely as a prematurely ripened fruit indicates decay and early death, mean an early degeneration and loss of the mental faculties. Youth so gifted

should be properly guided and fostered through the plastic and impressionable period of tutelage and their genius directed into the channels of life work for which they are best designed." The dullard, on the other hand, requires alike the most conscientious training, but of a varied nature.

Remembering the long list of earth's notables, the guardian or teacher in charge of the indolent or sluggish boy or girl can well afford to use the art of extreme patience and vigilant care in training such students; for out of the ranks of these may come another Wordsworth or Kant or Goldsmith. One, too, should ever hold fast to the thought that singleness of mind will accomplish more than physical or mental power. "It is not so much brilliancy of intellect, or fertility of resource as persistency of effort, and constancy of purpose that brings confidence, for everybody believes in the man who persists. He may meet misfortune, sorrow and reverses, but everybody believes he will triumph because they know that there is no keeping him down. * * * Even a man with small ability will succeed, if he has the quality of persistence, when a genius without it would fail." It is the early acquired habit of persistent mental labor that extends man's mental virility long past the supposed

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normal time of its weakening. Humboldt lived to be almost ninety years of age and a short time before his death he said: "I work almost uninterruptedly till three in the morning." Washington Irving, at sixty-eight, wrote to a friend: "It is now half-past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study long after the family are abed and asleep; a habit I have fallen into much of late." "At eighty years of age, Mary Somerville wrote her works on the wonders revealed by the microscope and at ninety she was pushing her researches into higher mathematics."

So long as health and intellectual vigor remain there is hope for nobler things. The world is ever new and fresh to the man whose vision is trained so that he may see more clearly than ever the beauties of nature and life.

There is a long list of distinguished men who not only evinced remarkable precocity but kept developing and strengthening this genius through faithful study and application all through their lives. In a number of such instances these wonderful intellects have produced their greatest masterpieces in extreme old age.

Horace Greeley learned his letters at two years and had read his Bible through before he was six years old. John Stuart Mill had

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mastered the Greek alphabet at three and read Latin at eight. Mirabeau published books at ten. Isaac Watts began the study of classics in his fifth year. Landseer at five drew fairly well, and excellently at eight years of age. Macaulay at eight had written a "Compendium of Universal History" and a romance in three cantos. Dante composed a sonnet to Beatrice at nine. Alexander the Great defeated the Thebans at the age of eighteen, ascended the throne at twenty, conquered the world at twenty-five, and died at thirty-two. Bulwer-Lytton wrote ballads at five years of age. Alice Freeman Palmer taught herself to read before she was three years old. Charles Kingsley preached good sermons to the household at the age of four. Byron, Pope and Tennyson began writing poems at twelve. Moore translated "Anacreon" at sixteen. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at nineteen. Victor Hugo had published "Hans of Iceland" before he was twenty.

The average age at which the real masterpieces of men's work have been given to the world is about fifty years. Man's mind can be kept alert by work and will power. Prolonged plasticity is the result of mental progress and continual study. Gladstone and Bismarck were strong and influential men at eighty-six;

Figure 6

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Gladstone was still writing books. Early in life Gladstone developed the theory that the scholar can best rest his brain by change of occupation. Therefore in his library of twenty-five thousand volumes he had three tables, studying at one the problems of politics, at another the problems of religion, and at a third the problems of literature. His rule was to take up at least one new subject every three months. At eighty-four he published the translations of the poems of Horace; at eighty-five he entered the realm of apologetics and wrote "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scriptures;" at eighty-six he published a reprint of Butler's Analogy with copious notes and comments. The mere titles of his speeches and books fill twenty pages in the catalogues of libraries. He was a true scholar and lingered before the gates of Troy with Homer, he sauntered in the groves of Athens with Plato and Pericles, he probed the problems of eternity with Milton, Dante, and all the great prophets of the world. His forehead was ever striking against the stars. "His intellectual faculty is one of the marvels of history. When other men retire from active life the intellectual faculties seem to wane, like those western rivers that begin with full banks but finally sink away in the sand before the life course is

half run. But Gladstone's life was like a mountain-fed stream that runs full-breasted to the sea, broadening and deepening up to the very moment that it disappears in the vast ocean that lies beyond."

Handel at seventy-two composed his greatest oratorio; and Meyerbeer, at the same age, his greatest opera. Samuel Johnson, also at seventy-two, published his strongest work, "Lives of the Poets." Galileo added to his telescopic discoveries at seventy-three. D'Israeli at seventy-five published "Amenities of Literature." Henry Clay was a leader at seventy-five. Washington Irving finished his "Life of Washington" just before his death at seventy-six. Bryant translated the Iliad and the Odyssey at seventy-eight. Browning was still at work "with undiminished vigor" at the time of his death at seventy-seven. Joseph Jefferson was as effective in his rôles at seventy-five as when in the height of his physical power. Wordsworth was appointed to the laureateship at seventy-three, and lived and wrote till the age of eighty. Goethe completed "Faust" at eighty. John Quincy Adams was "a power in the House" at eighty-one when he was stricken.

The three men who seem to have been the least subject to the sadness of intellectual

fall

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workers were Alexander Humboldt, Cuvier, and Goethe. Humboldt, so far as is known to us, lived always in a clear and cheerful daylight; his appetite for learning was both strong and regular; he embraced the intellectual life in his earliest manhood and lived in it with an unhesitating singleness of purpose to the limits of extreme old age. Cuvier was to the last a model student, of a temper at once most unflinching and most kind, happy in all his studies, happier still in his unequalled facility of mental self-direction. Goethe, as all know, lived a life of unflagging interest in each of the three great branches of intellectual labour. During the whole of his long life he was interested in literature, in which he was a master; he was interested in science, in which he was a discoverer; and in art, of which he was an ardent though not practically successful student. His intellectual activity ceased only on rare occasions of painful illness or overwhelming affliction; he does not seem to have ever asked himself whether knowledge was worth its cost; he was always ready to pay the appointed price of toil.

It remains true, as the venerable Dr. Cuyler has indicated, that for many of the purposes and achievements of life, youth and early manhood are the most favorable; but for cer-

tain others, the compact mental fiber, long experience, and natural judgment of old age, are the most serviceable endowments. The one cannot usurp the place of the other, and the first only paves the way for the second. Not infrequently those mentalities that ripen most slowly last the longest, and often the history of these great men has been years of persistent neglect and worldly coldness before their greatness has been conceded by their contemporaries.

CHAPTER V

GREAT WOMEN

A study of social science proves clearly that woman's place in society marks the level of civilization.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

SINCE woman has attained so much and has secured the right to the best, she should have a training adapted to her nature; yet a careful investigation made in a number of colleges has revealed the fact that the majority of young women hold to masculine ideals alone and that eighteen per cent boldly assert that they would prefer to be men.

Something like this also prevails in our public schools, which are inadequately supplied with womanly ideals. "A study of co-education shows that it generally means far more assimilation of girls to boys' ways and work than conversely." This happens, too, at just the age when the girl's ideals of womanhood should be the dominant influence in her development. One writer in deploring this condition suggests that the day will come, unless there is a change,

"when we shall have female sex without female character." It is this growing desire for man-like freedom that inclines the girl to abandon the peaceful security of home life and influence for the office. Dr. Hall says: "So long as she strives to be man-like, she will be inferior and a pinchbeck imitation, but she must develop a new sphere that will be like the rich field of the cloth of gold for the best instincts of her nature. * * * Moreover, nature decrees that with advancing civilization the sexes shall not approximate but differentiate. Woman in every fiber of her soul is a more generic creature than man, nearer to the race, and demands more and more with advancing age, that which is essentially liberal and humanistic. * * * New fields are constantly opening to woman because of her superior ability in many lines. In biology, embryology, botany, sociological investigation, child study, and in all lines of work requiring painstaking mastery of detail, perseverance, and conscientious application, she by her nature achieves great things."

The text-books of the public schools teach little about women, except in the few cases where women have been prominent in war or in position. "It is true noble living is effective above sex or vocation. Girls may be awakened

to ideal efforts no less than boys, by the lives of great men; yet as children of both sexes need the influence of men and women alike in home and school life, so in the study of history they should be brought into associative contact with the lives of both women and men in all possible forms of human service and moral heroism." In other words, if it is good pedagogy to give the boy and girl the influence of both a father and a mother, it is likewise good pedagogy that great women and heroines as well as types of manly greatness be placed before them. In the failure to do this both the boy and the girl lose many of the noblest examples of virtue. During the years in which the girls in college have been deprived of these much-needed ideals, the boys, too, have been undoubted losers.

When Matthew Vassar gave a million dollars to found Vassar College he said: "I consider the mothers of a country mold its citizens, determine its institutions and shape its destiny." Yet, what can be expected of prospective mothers who are defrauded in their most plastic age of the ideals of noble women, from the Holy Mother down through a long list of magnificent characters including the mothers of Wesley, Washington, Ruskin, Garfield, and Lincoln. Nor is it impossible to

make use of the best of these ideals in our co-educational system. It is of equal moment that our youths, through contemplation of the same models of feminine virtues, derive more of the elevating appreciation and respect for the abilities and unselfishness of good women that will enable them properly to reverence motherhood and wifehood.

The slighting of women in the heroic list is not because of the lack of good womanly examples in literature and history. Ruskin calls attention to the fact that Shakespeare's plays are full of heroines—splendid types of faultless women—while his heroes are all defective characters. Ruskin also notes that the catastrophe of each play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man. Scott's fiction, too, is marked by good and sensible women characters. Ellen Douglas is a glorious type of brave, wholesome womanhood. Jeanie Deans, Flora McIvor, Alice Bridgeworth, Alice Lee, Rose Bradwardine, Rowena and Rebecca are fine examples of peerless, tender, duty-loving women with a beautiful influence for good gracing every act.

But it is not necessary to turn to the heroines of fiction. The world's history teems with the virtuous deeds of heroines and where the pages are brightest with the glory of valor and honor.

between the lines may be found the influence of a woman's love and sacrifice and prayers.

Among the great women who have achieved notable victories for humanity are: Francis Willard, the great reformer; Louisa May Alcott, author and benefactress; Martha Washington, the true wife; Mary Washington, the illustrious matron; Charlotte Bronte, the gifted and worthy daughter; Elizabeth Fry, the Newgate schoolmistress; Margaret Mercer, the charity worker; Rebecca Mott, the devoted patriot; Maria Mitchell and Caroline Herschel, the patient astronomers; Hannah Moore, the quiet reformer; Mrs. Wordsworth, the poet's companion; Sarah Judson, the teacher in the wild; Mary Lyon, pioneer in the field of women's education; Grace Darling, the bravest of the brave; Julia Ward Howe, the grand old dame; Clara Barton, the patroness of mercy; Carlyle's wife, Jane, with her sweet patience and faithful serving; the wife of Audubon, buckling on the armor when her husband faltered to leave her; and innumerable names showing woman's ability—Rosa Bonheur, Madame de Stael, George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Margaret Fuller, and so on down the list which includes many women of note in the present age.

One never tires of stories of Jenny Lind's

kindness of heart and the consecration of her glorious voice to the accomplishment of good, longing to live two years more that she might be permitted to save enough money to finish her orphan's home. Florence Nightingale, the "angel nurse," and English philanthropist, at the age of eighty-seven, was decorated with the "Order of Merit," by King Edward. She was the first woman to receive this distinction, which up to the present time had been bestowed on only nineteen men, each one of marked eminence. The story of her heroism amid the terrible suffering of the soldiers of the Crimean War, is one that is scarcely equaled and one that any boy or girl will be better for knowing.

The life of Harriet Martineau and the brave battle her genius waged with poverty is an inspiration to men and women, young and old. Wendell Phillips, in an address, said of her: "In an epoch fertile of great genius among women, it may be said of Miss Martineau that she was the peer of the noblest, and that her influence on the progress of the age was more than equal to that of all the others combined." Hamilton Wright Mabie pays the following tribute to that much misunderstood French maid, Joan of Arc: "She, better than any philosophy, illustrates what a single-

mind, pure-minded, devout girl, with the genius of faith, can do in a barbaric, brutal age." The biography of Queen Louise of Prussia, inspirer of German mutiny, "gracious and beautiful, kind to the lowest and highest, the cultivated friend of poets and statesmen, a devoted wife and mother, brave and able to lead, yet gentle and lovable," is a wonderful story of a great-souled queen; yet from first to last, there is a virtuous example for the lowliest wife and mother of everyday life. It is well to remember that the Elizabethan, the golden age of literature in England, crowned the reign of a woman, and though from a modern point of view Queen Elizabeth's vagaries appear far from ideal, yet compared with her own time and with preceding and subsequent monarchs, we find Elizabeth, as well as her reign, distinguished for strength and character.

"The wife of Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the Albert Nyanza, stood with him on the shore of that unknown sea, when it was first seen by English eyes; she had passed with him through all the hard preliminary toils and trials; she had learned Arabic with him in a year of necessary but wearisome delay; her mind had traveled with his mind and her feet had followed his footsteps. Scarcely less beau-

tiful, if less heroic, is the picture of the geologist's wife, Mrs. Buckland, who taught herself to reconstruct broken fossils, and did it with a surprising delicacy, patience, and skill, which showed not only science but the perfection of feminine art."

One finds many lessons of heroism in the true wifely devotion of Jane Carlyle. She was born of wealth and of a long line of noble ancestry. Her early life was one of ease and luxury, as if she were prepared to marry a wealthy and indulgent prince. Instead of marrying to position, wealth and power, she gave her heart to a poor scholar and writer. She submerged her own life in her husband's thoughts and work. She gave up her favorite authors and read his notes; then she gave up all reading to relieve him of all details; at last she sacrificed everything to be of help in the production of his masterpieces. Carlyle was so engrossed in his great work that he did not realize his debt to her constant inspiration and love until her death came; then it was that Froude often found him visiting his wife's grave and murmuring: "If I had only known! If I had only known!"

In an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Carlyle are revealed her sterling and heroic qualities. She wrote:

" So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoilt, for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doing noble or mean. I can't think how people who have any natural ambition and any sense of power in them, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that.

"I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat-bog, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter who married a daughter of John Knox. That didn't, I am ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat-bog, and a most dreary, untoward place to live in. Further, we were very poor, and further and worst, being an only child, and brought up to 'great prospects,' I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and a very fair mathematician.

"It behooved me, in these astonishing circumstances, to learn to sew! Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons; and I was expected to look to all that! Also it behooved me to learn to cook!—no capable servant choos-

ing to live at such an out-of-the-way place. It was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home! So I sent for Cobbett's *Cottage Economy*, and fell to work at a loaf of bread.

"But knowing nothing about the process of fermentation, or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed. And I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three, and still I was sitting there, in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation, that I who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a loaf of bread—which might not turn out bread after all!

"Such thoughts maddened me till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his "Perseus" in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself—'After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus,


and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do.' "

Think of the heroism of that remarkable woman, Susannah Wesley, mother of Charles and John Wesley and seventeen other children! As the wife of an impecunious minister, never in her whole life was she free from care. Carefully reared and well educated, delicate, brilliant in natural ability, a student of philosophy and theology, she gave twenty years of her life to the education of her children, holding school six hours each day "for the saving of souls." She wrote three books on theology for the benefit of her children; in her husband's absence she held Sunday services in the rectory kitchen for her servants. Over two hundred came to hear her and many were turned away. It was she who encouraged John to become a clergyman, and the list of books she prescribed to clear doubts from his mind was the means of leading him to devote his whole life to the ministry. When her sons, John and Charles, were invited by General James Oglethorpe to go to the New World to christianize the natives, John disliked to leave his mother, then nearing seventy years. On appealing to her for advice she replied: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see

them more." Once in her old age when asked if she ever really wanted bread, she answered: "Strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eaten, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant for me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree to having none at all."

After years of struggling and toil, her last request was that as soon as her spirit had passed, her children should raise their voices in a hymn of praise; and well they might, for this day the influence of Susannah Wesley is a great power in the Christian world.

Goethe's mother knew how to mould her child's tender heart in its early childhood, how to bring his fancy into exercise, and how to impress him with a sense of the noble and the beautiful. Her relations with her children were truly touching. She herself reports how she told stories every evening to little Wolfgang and his sister Cornelia: "I could not be tired of telling them as long as he was not tired of listening. I represented Fire, Water, Earth, and Air as beautiful princesses, and gave a meaning to all that goes on in Nature. I believed in it myself more implicitly than my listeners did; and when we pretended there were roads between the stars, and that we



should sometime live in stars, and thought what great spirits we should meet up there, nobody was ever more eager for the hour of story telling with the children, nor more vexed when some invitation I had received prevented it. There sat I, and there was he devouring me with his great black eyes; and if the fate of any favorite did not go right according to his sense, I could see how the angry vein would swell in his forehead and how he would choke down his tears. Many a time he would interfere before I could bring about the turn of affairs, and would say, 'I hope, mother, that the princess will not marry the accursed tailor even if he did slay the giant.'

"Then if I made a halt and put off the catastrophe to the next evening, I could be sure that he would repeat everything aright up to that point, and where my imagination fell short it would often be patched out by his. Then, if I took up the threads of fate on the next evening, and turned them according to his plan and said, 'You guessed it! that is what happened!' he would be all fire and flame, and his little heart could be seen to beat under his ruffle. He was his grandmother's pet, and to her he would confide all his ideas of how the story would go and from her I would learn how it must run to conform to his wishes; and in this

way there was a secret diplomatic transaction between us which neither of us betrayed to the other. So I had the satisfaction of continuing my tales to the delight and astonishment of my auditor, who, without recognizing that he was the author of all my marvelous occurrences, saw with glowing eyes events fall out according to his keenly desired plans, and greeted the finishing of it with enthusiastic applause." What unspeakable thanks Goethe owed his mother, who so completely gave herself up to the care and love of her children!

Schiller, according to the accounts of his biographers, had in his youth no extraordinary qualities, though his capacity was good and his diligence intense. "The boy," we read, "felt that without diligence no mastery could be won." His education, which his strict father most conscientiously superintended, was exceedingly solid and thorough. His mother surrounded him with an atmosphere of love. She had plainly a great share in his education. Scharffenstein, a youthful friend of Schiller, says of her; "Her son was the image of her in figure and physiognomy. Her dear face was very feminine and mild. Never was there seen a more admirable, domestic, and feminine woman." Korner, in his biography, says of Schiller: "In many respects he was a back-

ward child, and certainly was not one of those who gratify the vanity of their parents by precocious acquirements and talents. But even in his childhood, his soft heart combined with a firm will, his good faith, and his attachment to those who had won his love, together with his easily roused fancy, were plainly discernible."

His remarkably intelligent father and his warm-hearted mother supplied him with a superior education. "He had from childhood a ruling bent for poetry; but his father considered his own duty to be merely to tolerate his son's first essays, not to encourage them. He had too lofty an ideal of art to permit himself, in a case so near to him, not to exercise due care lest a mere inclination should be mistaken for an avocation."

Washington's father, dying when George was eleven years old, had such confidence in the highly intelligent and prudent mother, that he gave her, by his will, full control of all the property of the children until they should become of age. This lady fulfilled every duty of a mother with the utmost love and tenderest concern, and gave them an excellent education.

Kant said: "I shall never forget my mother, for she planted and tended the first germs of good in me. She opened my heart to the im-

pressions of nature. She awakened and expanded my ideas; and her teachings have had an enduring and wholesome influence upon my life."

Martin Luther was particularly his mother's child. Melancthon called Luther's mother a model of all womanly worth, and says that she was noted for chastity, reverence for God and prayer.

Cæsar was fortunate in having a good mother who watched over her boy and guided his education so carefully that she is named by Tacitus side by side with Cornelia the mother of Gracchus, as a model of motherly devotion. It may have been due to her wisdom that he was not like most Roman boys at that time, intrusted to the instruction of a Greek slave, but was given a tutor from Gaul. It is easy to suppose too, that many of Cæsar's gentle characteristics which distinguished him from most men of his day were inherited from his mother.

Giuseppe Garibaldi said of his mother: "She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but do I not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine? Often amidst the most arduous success of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed

through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploping for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." His favorite maxim was: "Give me the mothers of the nation to educate and you may do what you like with the boys."

From such instances one is lead to believe that the cause of greatness in man is found in the noble qualities of a loving and wise mother.

And what should not be said in eulogy of that grand character—that great soul of the humble peasant woman, Margaret Haughrey? Bereft in a short time of husband and child, she made a holy vow to devote her life to the service of orphan children. This determination came in the face of absolute destitution, when she had no idea of how she would support herself. She entered an Orphans' Asylum in New Orleans as a domestic. She scrubbed and toiled, happy in the thought that she was helping the children. She worked here for seventeen years, when having learned much in the dairy department, she decided to open a dairy of her own. She drove her cart and wore shabby clothes that she might have more to give the orphans. To the dairy she added a

bakery. She made money but allowed herself no added comforts or luxuries. Long before this time she had become a familiar figure to rich and poor, high and low, to all of whom she was known as "Margaret, the orphan's friend."

She grew rich and gave constantly, never stopping to ask the creed or race. Her motto was: "God has been so good to me that I must be good to all." She dispensed bread to starving families, set poor men up in business. Three large homes for children and a home for the aged and infirm owe their founding to her influence and benefactions. With no education—she could scarcely write—no capital, except common sense, integrity and a passion for helping others, she made and expended in charities \$600,000. When her last illness came the wealthiest and most exclusive women in New Orleans were eager to minister to her needs. When she had passed out from the world she had made it better, purer, and happier, because of her own humble life in it. In February, 1882, the government officials, members of the New Orleans Merchants' Association, bankers, officers of the Cotton Exchange, the Produce Exchange, and the Chamber of Commerce, gathered at her funeral, the services of which were conducted by the Arch-

bishop of the diocese. Thousands of people stood bareheaded in the streets as the pallbearers passed, followed by the children of eleven orphan asylums, white and black, Protestant and Catholic; fire companies filed along in the immensely long procession to her last resting place." Her life was made the text in almost all the city churches on the following Sunday and the city has erected a statue to her memory. This represents Margaret clad in skirt and sack, a shawl around her shoulders, and a little child in her arms—a simple peasant woman with a heart of gold.

Back of the Palisades not far from the Hudson River, set in the center of a broad field, white with daisies in summer, stands the Daisy Field Home. This is a hospital and a permanent home for crippled children, who are kept here until cured or enabled to support themselves without pain. Until a few years ago there was in all New York City no permanent home for the helpless crippled children of the poor. No successful effort had been made to meet this form of charity; but one day a poor dressmaker, Annie McDonald, conceived the beautiful idea of the Daisy Field Home. Perhaps many another person had realized the need of such an institution, but to this woman, living among the poor and

sympathizing in their distress and afflictions, the idea came with unresistable power and she gave her whole soul to the thought. When she died she left her entire fortune of two hundred dollars to found a hospital for crippled children. Only two hundred dollars, yet a magnificent gift, representing the love and self-sacrifice of a noble life! No cause so sacredly endowed could fall short of success. The fund grew and the beautiful dream of the poor little dressmaker arose from the earth in concrete form. To-day the Daisy Field Home stands as a glorious monument to the faith in humanity and the greatness of heart of Annie McDonald, the struggling dressmaker, in whose mind it first took shape.

New Orleans has a splendid system of free evening schools for men and boys, all of which are due to the life work of a poor lame school teacher, Sophia Wright. When a child of twelve she was supporting herself. When she was sixteen she had begun to think and plan for helping those around her. Seeing the crying need of educational opportunities for the men and boys of New Orleans who are occupied during the day, she made ineffectual attempts to get the city schools to do something for the poor by establishing evening sessions where instruction could be given free. At last

she opened her own home and night after night taught "for love's sake," after teaching all day for a livelihood. Her call for volunteer teachers brought her assistants. From a few men and boys whom she instructed in her little sitting-room her school has grown to an attendance of over one thousand, with a large teaching force under Miss Wright's supervision. Men of fifty and mere boys sit side by side and study the same lesson. Through the generous help of friends, she has been able to supply many needs of those who come to her. Year by year, too, she has enlarged the scope of her work, which to-day includes painting, drawing, clay-modeling, music, bookkeeping, and courses in other clerical occupations. What a matchless life-work for one woman, herself a child of poverty and physically handicapped by lameness, to accomplish! The simple, earnest lives of these two women, Annie McDonald and Sophia Wright, illustrate forcibly the thought of George Eliot when she says that the lives of some women stand out "like a quotation from the Bible in a paragraph from a newspaper."

The boys and girls who do not have brought before them the nobility of the life-work of such great women, have missed a part of the education of the heart without which the train-

ing of mind and hand is worthless. Some one has said that to know a woman who is gentle, sympathetic, keen-sighted, quick to discern, considerate, loving, is in itself a liberal education.

In an address on Woman's Rights, Wendell Phillips once said: "Many a young girl in her early married life, loses her husband and thus is left a widow with two or three children. Now who is to educate them and control them? We see, if left to her own resources, the intellect which she possesses, and which has remained in a comparatively dormant state, displayed in its full power. What a depth of heart lay hidden in that woman! She takes her husband's business, guides it as though it were a trifle; she takes her sons, and leads them; sets her daughters an example; like a master leader she governs the whole household. That is woman's influence. What made the woman? Responsibility. Call her out from weakness, lay upon her soul the burden of her children's education, and she is no longer a girl, but a woman."

Horace Greeley once said to Margaret Fuller: "If you should ask a woman to carry a ship around Cape Horn, how would she go to work to do it? Let her do this and I will give up the question." In the fall of 1856 a

Boston girl, only twenty years of age, accompanied her husband to California. A brain fever laid him low. In the presence of mutiny and delirium, she took his vacant post, preserved order, and carried her cargo safe to its destined port. Looking into the face of Mr. Greeley, Miss Fuller said: 'Lo, my dear Horace, it is done! Now, say, what shall woman do next?' "

England has her Florence Nightingale and America her Clara Barton. Thousands of soldiers on the battlefields of many lands, and the famine stricken people of various countries have blessed the name of each. At the age of eighty-eight Clara Barton took charge of the Red Cross work in administering to the people who suffered from the terrible volcanic eruptions in Italy. Just before leaving to do this work she said: "While I am old in years, I am strong and well, knowing neither illness nor fatigue, disability nor despondency, and thanking God hourly that I have never known what it is to be without work. It has always been the most satisfying part of my religion; and in my declining days I can truly say that if other things have been taken away the best is left—the desire to work and the opportunity to fulfill it." The following is a brief summary of Miss Barton's long and useful career:

She was born at Oxford, Mass., in 1821; graduated from the Clinton Liberal Institute, New York, after which she taught school for ten years. During the civil war she did relief work on the battlefields and organized searches for missing men. She worked for the Red Cross Organization, of which she was the founder and organizer, through the entire Franco-Prussian War in 1870. In 1871 she distributed relief to the suffering in Strassburg, Belfort, Montpelier and Paris. It was through her efforts largely that the treaty of Geneva was adopted in 1882. She distributed relief at the Johnstown flood, 1892; Russian famine, 1893; Armenian Massacre, 1898; in Cuba, 1898; at Galveston, Texas, in August, 1900. She has been president of the National First Aid Association since 1905. At the age of 88 she left to supervise the Red Cross work in giving relief to the sufferers after the volcanic eruptions at Messina, Sicily.

"There existed years ago," says Hamerton, "a most irrational prejudice, very strongly rooted in the social conventions of the time, about masculine and feminine accomplishments. The education of the two sexes was so trenchantly separated that neither had access to the knowledge of the other. The men learned Latin and Greek, of which the women

were ignorant; the women had learned French or Italian, which the men could neither read nor speak. The ladies studied fine art, not seriously, but it occupied a good deal of their time and thought; the gentlemen had a manly contempt for it, which kept them, as contempt always does, in a state of absolute ignorance. The intellectual separation of the sexes was made as complete as possible by the conventionally received idea that a man could not learn what girls learned without effeminacy, and that if women aspired to men's knowledge they would forfeit the delicacy of their sex. This illogical prejudice was based on a bad syllogism of this kind:

"Girls speak French, and learn music and drawing. Benjamin speaks French, and learns music and drawing. Therefore, Benjamin is a girl."

And the prejudice, powerful as it was, had not even the claim of any considerable antiquity. Think how strange and unreasonable it would have seemed to Lady Jane Grey and Sir Philip Sidney! In their time, ladies and gentlemen studied the same things, the world of culture was the same for both, and they could meet in it as in a garden.

Andrew D. White, in his admirable autobiography, recites the following interesting in-

interview with Tolstoy: "He (Tolstoy) said that women ought to have all other rights except political; that they are unfit to discharge political duties; that, indeed, one of the great difficulties of the world at present lies in their possession of far more consideration and control than they ought to have. 'Go into the streets and bazaars,' he said, 'and you will see the vast majority of shops devoted to their necessities.

"In France everything centers in women and women have complete control of life; all contemporary French literature shows this. Woman is not man's equal in the highest qualities; she is not so self-sacrificing as man. Men will, at times, sacrifice their families for an idea, women will not.' On my demurring to this latter statement, he asked me if I ever knew a woman who loved other people's children as much as her own. I gladly answered in the negative, but cited Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, and others, expressing my surprise at his assertion that women are incapable of making as complete sacrifices for any good cause as men. I pointed to the persecutions in the early church, when women showed themselves superior to men in suffering torture, degradation, and death in behalf of the new religion, and added similar instances from the

history of witchcraft. To this he answered that in spite of all such history, women will not make sacrifices of their own interests for a good cause which does not strikingly appeal to their feelings, while men will do so; that he had known but two or three really self-sacrificing women in his life; and that these were unmarried.

"On my saying that observation had led me to a very different conclusion, his indictment took another form. He insisted that woman hangs upon the past; that public opinion progresses, but that women are prone to act on the opinion of yesterday or of last year; that women and womanish men take naturally to old absurdities, among which he mentioned the doctrines of the trinity, 'spiritism' and homeopathy. At this I expressed a belief that if, instead of educating women, as Bishop Dupanloup expressed it, 'in the lap of the church (*sur les genoux de l'église*),' we educate them in the highest sense, in universities, they will develop more and more intellectually, and so become a controlling element in the formation of a better race; that as strong men generally have strong mothers, the better education of women physically, intellectually, and morally, is the true way of bettering the race in general. In this idea he expressed his disbe-

lief, and said that education would not change women; that women are illogical by nature. At this I cited an example showing that women can be exceedingly logical and close in argument, but he still adhered to his opinion. On my mentioning the name of George Eliot, he expressed a liking for her."

The great Russian philosopher and defender of an ignorant but beloved peasantry does not view with characteristic clearness the proper ideal for women. Perhaps if he knew more of the American ideal for women, as illustrated by the upbuilding of great schools and colleges for them and the co-educational facilities offered everywhere, he would accept the views of Mr. White. It is interesting to note in this interview the influence of their respective countries on these two great men. Mr. White represents the ideals of a free people where the doors of opportunity are thrown wide open to all, while Tolstoi is to some extent blinded by the limitations and restrictions besetting the men of his country, and to him now the one big problem is to open the way for the heads of families. True, this is the next step his nation must take; but no people is destined to become truly great until its mothers are nobly trained; and it is inspiring, indeed, to witness our American scholar and states-

man measuring swords on this point with the venerable and scarred hero of Russia.

On the third of October, 1836, there was laid in Massachusetts the corner stone of Mount Holyoke Seminary—the first institution in the United States which offered to girls the opportunities for higher education. A general prejudice prevailed at that time against schools for girls, and many of the most prominent and best educated persons of Massachusetts considered it little short of a great crime to try to detract from a girl's domestic usefulness and household sphere by giving her more than the rudiments of an education. To combat this general prejudice and to succeed in opening such a school as Mount Holyoke Seminary was the achievement of no ordinary person, yet all the credit must be accorded to one woman, Mary Lyon, pioneer teacher, and "all things considered perhaps the most remarkable woman our country has produced." She was born on the 28th of February, 1797, the fifth in a family of seven children. Her father died when she was a small girl, and the family was left helpless. Mary had no educational advantages and received very little schooling. She had a phenomenal memory and was able to learn in a few days what the average student learned in a term. She was

eager for learning; but the needs of the large family kept her sewing, knitting, or spinning. She taught for a while at seventy-five cents a week and by the time she was twenty years old she had saved enough money to enter an academy at Ashfield. Here she did such remarkable work that it caused one of her teachers to say: "I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college." In the whole country, however, there was not a college that would open its doors to a woman. She left the school to engage in teaching, leaving the record of "the most gifted pupil who had ever attended the academy."

She continued to study during her vacations and was finally made assistant in a school for girls opened at Ipswich, Massachusetts. Mary Lyon decided to establish a school for the higher education of women and from that time she devoted her energy and influence to carrying out her ambition. When she was thirty years of age, an opportunity came to her to marry comfortably and happily. She said: "If I take the husband, I cannot have the Seminary." She decided the Seminary was of greater importance. She met with opposition at every turn but her determination increased from day to day. She wrote to a friend: "During the past year my heart has so yearned over

the adult female youth in the common walks of life that it has sometimes seemed as though a fire were shut up in my bones." She gave up her position as a teacher to devote her whole time to collecting funds for the new school. Women gave the first thousand dollars and when finally sufficient money had been raised and the corner stone of the building was laid, she wrote; "The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul. Had I a thousand lives I could sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for the sake of Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Did I possess the greatest fortune, I could readily relinquish it all and become poor, and more than poor, if its prosperity should demand it."

Mary Lyon died in 1849 but her life work has gone on and on and can never end. "Every American girl who has received or is receiving a higher education owes her a debt of gratitude which can never be paid, but which can be recognized by 'lending a hand' in forwarding the work which she began. The record of her life will stand as an inspiration for every ambitious American girl, and thousands will live higher, nobler, and more useful lives because of hers. That influence will never cease. She gave her life for others that those others might know and have fuller, sweeter,

richer lives. The gift was not in vain. She aroused and inspired thousands in her lifetime, and they in turn, touched others; so that we have not only Mount Holyoke College but scores of similar institutions, all doing a grand work. Upon the monument of Mary Lyon are inscribed these words, which she often spoke in great earnestness: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it."

And the list of noble women grows—artists, scientists, musicians, reformers, splendid mothers—from royalty down to the humble peasant; yet first and last, through all, it is the genuineness of soul, the richness of sympathy, the depth of feeling, the magnificent womanhood alone that really counts, be it the life of a queen or peasant that draws our notice. Wherein our young people have in any measure been deprived of the influence of these womanly ideals they have suffered an irrevocable loss, and educators welcome the movement to recognize more fully woman's worth and ability as a mark of advancing civilization, as well as a great moral gain.

CHAPTER VI

THE HUMAN SIDE OF HEROES

Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.

SIDNEY SMITH

IT has been the fate of empire builders, founders of nations and great cities, as time goes on, to become dehumanized into venerable and revered abstractions, demigods rather than men. Thus it was with certain Greek and Roman heroes till Plutarch wrote of them; thus it was with Washington; and sometimes even in the "City of Brotherly Love" which he founded, we need to be reminded of the human side of William Penn.

The question often arises in the mind of the teacher as to whether or not the pupil should be permitted to study the evil deeds and characters of the past. Herbart seems more rational on this point than most educators as is shown by the following passage from his *Science of Education*: "Show the bad to the children plainly, but not as an object of desire,

and they will recognize that it is bad. Interrupt a narrative with moral precepts and they will find you a wearisome narrator. Relate only what is good and it becomes monotonous and the mere charm of variety will make the bad welcome. However extreme," continues Herbart, "the necessity may be that a youth should never become familiar with the bad, protection of moral feeling need not be carried so far (at least continued so long) as to make youths amazed at men as they are. Bad company is certainly infectious and almost as much so is a pleasing lingering of the imagination on attractive representations of the bad. But to have known men in early life, in all their many varieties, insures an early exercise of moral judgment, as well as a valuable security against dangerous surprises. * * * The past must be sufficiently eliminated so that its men may appear more like ourselves and not beings of another species."

Sir Walter Scott has been criticized with a degree of justice perhaps for his clandestine dealings with Ballantyne. The occasion for the secretiveness in this case was that an interest in trade would have been regarded as inconsistent with his professional position as a lawyer. Of this, Mr. Woodbury says: "The secretiveness, the willingness to go into trade,

the love of money can be turned against Scott; but, to my mind, they only make him more human, a natural man. Scott's practical attitude toward life, and also toward literature itself as a profession like any other, seems not unlike that of Shakespeare; it is the mortal side of the immortal genius which in its own realm was loosened from a sense of reality and lived in an imaginary world."

Ideals are of greatest value when they approach our lives sufficiently to show the struggle of the human soul to trample down the evil and rise to the highest and best. The life history of David as we gather it from the Psalms is "the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below." Mistakes many and sins deep are there, but heroic struggles to overcome crowd them out of our consciousness, and we see only the spiritual growth shining out until the shadows of evil recede from view.

A great man can seldom be measured accurately by his own generation. There may be many inconsistencies in his life which make obscure his great aims. "No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*" is a well-known proverb, but as Hegel says: "It is not because the former is not a hero, but because the latter is a valet. He takes off the hero's boots, assists

him to bed, knows that he prefers champagne, etc. Historical personages waited upon in historical literature by such psychological valets, come poorly off; they are brought down by these attendants to a level with, or rather a few degrees below the level of the morality of such exquisite discerners of spirits."

It is, however, an equally great mistake when the biographer attempts to present his hero as a demigod. The deep interest evinced by readers of biography in the most trivial affairs of the heroes and heroines exploited is really a sane and wholesome curiosity to learn how greatness met the trials and temptations common to every-day existence—a desire to profit by such example. Do not most of us, like Cromwell, when regarding his portrait, desire the hero painted "warts and all?" If a man is truly great the touch of frailty inseparable from humanity may lend a softening note to the life otherwise a little too cold and stern to touch the sympathies or arouse emulation. To the extent that he overcame these frailties, his life preaches encouragement to others and shows the sanguine youth that nothing can master a soul keyed to success and honor.

"Do not preach an impossible ideal," says

ex-President Roosevelt, "for if you preach an ideal that is impossible you tend to make your pupils believe that no ideals are possible, and, therefore, you tend to do them the worst of wrongs—to teach them to divorce preaching from practice; to divorce the ideal that they in the abstract admire, from the practical after which they strive." After reading a part of the biography of Burke, Lincoln said to Herndon, his law partner in Springfield, "I've read enough of it. It is like all the others. Biographies as generally written, are not only misleading but false. The author of that "Life of Burke" makes a wonderful hero out of his subject. He magnifies his perfections and suppresses his imperfections. He is so faithful in his zeal, and so lavish in his praise of his every act, that one is almost driven to believe that Burke never made a mistake or failure in his life. I've wondered why book publishers and merchants don't have blank biographies on their shelves, ready for an emergency; so that if a man happens to die his heirs or his friends if they wish to perpetrate his memory, can purchase one already written but with blanks. The blanks they can fill up at their pleasure with rosy sentences full of high sounding praise. In most instances

they commemorate a lie, and cheat posterity out of the truth."

William Roscoe Thayer records an interesting bit of youthful experience. He says: "Sparks in his desire to record nothing inconsistent with what he thought Washington ought to be, made a mummy of him. The Washington whom I read about in my history at school never seemed to me more real than the wooden Indians which used to stand in front of the cigar stores. Years afterwards, I came on this statement by one of his officers: 'It was at Monmouth and on a day that would have made any man swear. Yes sir, he swore that day till the leaves shook on the trees. Charming, delightful! Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that memorable day, he swore like an angel from Heaven.' The words," continued Thayer, "sent a thrill of satisfaction through me, for they proved that Washington was once alive and I went on to make his acquaintance."

The following is an extract from a recent article by Owen Wister: "There is one point regarding historical persons of all countries and epochs that both historians and their readers fail to remark sufficiently; namely, that to be famous after you are dead is one thing and to be living after you are dead is quite another.

- And in the case of George Washington we have the extraordinary paradox that he stands the greatest of Americans yet the least alive of all heroes. This is not at all because a hundred years divide him from us. Paul Revere is as far away as Washington, yet much more vivid to our imagination; so also are Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr, and Major
- Andre; so is Pocahontas. None of these seem to us inhuman, or made of marble. Indeed, to put the thing as superlative as possible, is it not true that Cleopatra's personality is more real to us than Washington's? If it is true, Cleopatra owes this tremendous survival of herself along with her official act to a great biographer and a great poet. Plutarch and Shakespeare have handed her down to us alive, while our American school books have frozen George Washington to death. They have preserved his fame but killed him.

If you go on picturing a man year after year, and generation after generation, as being always without fault, as being invariably solemn, as forever uttering wholesome and severe maxims, as never smiling, never relaxing from duty into enjoyment, if you thus persist in describing him, you make him seem admirable, but you will certainly make him seem incredible. When we are children we do not think

of this, of course; we listen to the cherry tree story and all the rest of the school book teaching; we have a holiday on Washington's birthday, and we undoubtedly grow up believing in his greatness and knowing that our Nation owes its independence and existence to him; but are we much interested in him? Should we not value him more, feel nearer to him, and realize his greatness more clearly and heartily, if we had been told of his great laughter, of his violent temper that he did not always control, of his fondness for sport—for duck shooting, for fox hunting, for the theatre? Which is the greater man—he who has no temptations to resist, or he who resists his temptations? Let the reader ask himself, would the poor, starving, ragged Continental soldiers have idolized their general as they did, if he had been the sort of moral mummy that our childhood had held up to it? The question answers itself at once, and dismisses the moral mummy from our heads, even before we come to know the wealthy store of human facts about Washington that school books hitherto so consistently suppressed.

Surely it does not take away from our interest in the Father of our Country, nor diminish his greatness, to learn that he resembled the rest of us; that when he was angry he

could say of a certain politician: 'A damnered scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity.' " Washington Irving's "Life of Washington" is full of life and human interest. Worthington Chauncey Ford has edited Washington's writings in a most pleasing and helpful manner. A study of these works will make known the great general as he was. They introduce the great hero as he really was in public, social, and domestic life.

Froude has written interestingly on this subject: "The Iliad is from two to three thousand years older than Macbeth, and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there no lessons save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy; he never struggles to press upon us his views about this or that; you can scarcely tell, indeed, whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan; but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He sang the tale of Troy; he touched his lyre; he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those on whom he was conferring immortality. And thus though no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilium; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles, though Ulysses and Diomed

and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet, through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent. For the mere hard purposes of history the Iliad and the Odyssey are the most effective books which were ever written.

"If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention perhaps among others, this—that his stories are not put together and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons but not any one prominent above another; and when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved, something which the artist gives, and which the philosopher cannot give. It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to say Shakespeare's supreme truth lies. He represents real life. His drama teaches as life teaches—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics as nature does, on right and wrong; but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is.

It is the subtle interflow of good and evil; in the unmerited suffering of innocence; in the disproportion of penalties to desert, in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it; and in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding, knowing well that the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child. Only the highest order of genius can represent Nature thus."

In the study of poetry as well as of other writings the sympathies of the pupil should be guarded so that fit images of contemplation may be left in mind. He may study the portrayal of the baser passions, but this will do no harm so long as the student shudders in horror and has a righteous hate for evils. Demoralization comes when we begin to sympathize with sin or to dwell upon things over which it is healthful to step lightly. Milton is safe reading because he succeeds in delineating the devil in a manner that drives away sympathy and admiration. Byron is dangerous in that he outlines evil so artfully that the reader is often unconsciously poisoned. Young people should

not be permitted to read literature that excites so great sympathy for the vices as to preclude good judgment.

In the study of forms the child should never be permitted to see the incorrect until the correct is well fixed in mind. The Chinese train their custom collectors to feel only good coins until the bad cannot pass unnoticed. Wine and tea tasters first train their sense of flavor for the genuine article and later any adulteration will be detected at once. However, in the study of humanity the characters are not entirely good or bad, every human being is of composite character, showing both good and evil. The element of evil mixed with the good is instructive just as in a character typically bad. While the evil in character reveals the laws of life it is the positively good life that exercises upon us the inspiring influence. For, as Dean Farrar has said: "To be good requires an effort; it requires the girded loin and the burning lamp; it requires the soldier's armour and the athlete's nerve; but to be bad, to be treacherous, to be soft, to be lazy, to be impure—that needs nothing but the vainest, the silliest, the emptiest, the most degraded nature."

The attraction which the youthful mind finds in cheap novels may be explained in part

through hero worship; and the teacher should select carefully the characters for study and moral guidance. The selection should be made to promote the ethical welfare of the pupil, and it is, therefore, essential that the young imagination and emotions should not be fed upon abnormal examples of either goodness or wickedness. Hero study can be made to stimulate admiration for the good and condemnation for the evil by watching a hero's struggle against wrong; and by introducing the opposite sort of hero now and then, the pupils' hatred for cowards, traitors, thieves, and self-seekers may be strengthened, and their appreciation of the noble qualities of men may be stronger by seeing the evil results that flow from men of opposite characters. Under certain limitations ignoble conduct excites greater respect and admiration for the opposite type and may cause the pupil to resolve to avoid it, and otherwise promote the positive virtues.

The lives of some of the great poets and writers present many paradoxes. They are often more susceptible than practical men and live in a perpetual wrangle. Milton, the sublime poet, had many troubles with his enemies. Pattison says: "Ben Johnson, Dryden, Pope, Voltaire, Rousseau, belabor their enemies,

and we see nothing incongruous in their doing so. It is not so when the awful majesty of Milton descends from the empyrean throne of contemplation to use the language of the gutter or of the fish market. * * * The name of Milton is a synonym for sublimity. He has endowed our language with the loftiest and noblest poetry it possesses, and the same man is found employing speech for the most unworthy purpose to which it can be put, that of defaming and villifying a personal enemy, and an enemy so mean that barely to have been mentioned by Milton would have been an honor to him." Milton's domestic life was unpleasant. His wife left him soon after their marriage and this so embittered him that he assumed an unethical attitude toward matrimony and wrote his pamphlet on "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," in which he formulates the sentiment that man was the final cause of God's creation and woman was there to minister to this nobler being, and that he should be permitted to put aside his wife at will. Phillips says that after his wife left him, Milton did contemplate a union which could not have been marriage, with another woman. Milton said: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in

laudable things ought himself to be a true poem, * * * not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have within himself the experience and practice of all that is praiseworthy." However, Pattison says: "He did not allow his daughters to learn any language, saying with a gibe that one tongue was enough for a woman. They were not sent to any school but had some sort of teaching at home from a mistress. But in order to make them useful in reading to him, their father was at the pains to train them to read aloud in five or six languages, of none of which they understood one word. When we think of the time and labor which must have been expended to teach them to do this, it must occur to us a little more labor would have sufficed to teach them so much of one or two of the languages as would have made their reading a source of interest and improvement to themselves. This Milton refused to do. The consequence was, as might have been expected, the occupation became so irksome to them that they rebelled against it. In the case of one of them Mary, who was like her mother in person and took after her in other respects, this restiveness passed into open revolt. She first resisted, then neglected, and finally came to hate her father. When some

one spoke in her presence of her father's approaching marriage, she said: "that was no news to hear of his wedding; but if she could hear of his death, that was something." She combined with Anne, the eldest daughter, "to counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings." They sold his books without his knowledge. "They made nothing of deserting him," he was often heard to complain. They continued to live with him five or six years after his marriage. But at last the situation became intolerable to both parties and they were sent out to learn embroidery in gold or silver, as a means of obtaining their livelihood."

Francis Bacon was unable to defend himself against the accusation of corruption in office, supported by the evidences produced. He wrote and transmitted to Parliament his "Confession and humble submission of me the Lord Chancellor," in which he admitted himself guilty of having received gifts from parties to suits tried before him, but he denied any criminal intent, stating that the presents had in no way influenced his decisions. He was fined forty thousand pounds, forbidden ever again to hold public office, banished from court and sentenced to imprisonment during the pleasure of the King. Bacon philoso-

phized well on the proper conduct of an officer but his will power was not strong enough to execute his ideal while he himself held office. There was a wide and deep chasm between his precept and his example. His essay, "Of Great Place" denounces corruption and even the suspicion of it in public office: * * *

"For corruption do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one, but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption."

The life story of Benedict Arnold, handled judiciously, may be made to teach certain lessons more effectively than any number of positive heroes presented in the "wooden Indian" style affected by some biographers. Modern

historians have attempted to do absolute justice to the character of Arnold by showing the evident honorable, ambitious and historic bravery of his early life, when in all justice he may still be called patriot, daring soldier, and honest citizen.

Following the gradual breaking down of these principles through real or fancied wrongs and through only half-understood temptations, there comes the awful revelation—patriotism and loyalty cast to the winds, honor dragged in the mire, sacred trusts betrayed, and last of all, disgraced man, dying of soul-sickness in an alien land and calling in his last delirium for his dishonored American uniform. Miserable deed and tragically miserable result. Heroic beginning and pitiful ending—a remorseless example of Biblical reaping of what was sown. Let his biographer deal ever so gently with his faults, there is no palliation that can hide the suffering and shame that Arnold endured in later years; and no lessons of patriotism can be drawn from the work of this pitiful wreck of a man's citizenship and loyalty to country; and however deeply the pitying heart of the pupil may be stirred to sympathize there is no vestige of danger that any one would choose to follow his example.

It has been suggested that too many such examples would weaken the pupil's faith in human nature. For this reason as well as others, it is well that the positive rather than the negative hero occupy the greater part of history work. The child as well as the man reflects his ideals; a character of evil should be presented when that evil can be shown in a way calculated to drive the mind of the pupil through revulsion back to his higher ideals; and remember that these ideals are most influential when presented not as demigods, but as high types of human beings with frailties native to the race—men whose success has come through masterful overcomings.

CHAPTER VII

CONTRIBUTION OF ADVERSITY

History is almost wholly a record of the doings of men of decision. They rule the world and dangers and difficulties are but new incentives to action. Defeats do not discourage them, but rather give them new wisdom wherewith to circumvent and conquer opposing forces.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ONLY a few men in the world's history have been able to overcome the enervating influence of wealth surrounding them in youth. Few men born to wealth and position—"with a silver spoon in the mouth"—have the will power to resist the evils of leisure and selfishness which so early beset their lives. It is as difficult for such men to see the essentials of life and to keep a steadfast eye upon that which is eternal and abiding, as it is for the savage of the wood and field to realize when in a great lighted city that above and beyond the temporary glitter are

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the eternal stars which are his only beacon lights in his lonely travels.

The boy born of wealth is apt to emphasize his own importance; he is petted and pampered, he thinks of his play, his aches and pains, his desires, his comforts; and his "rights" are always questions with him, and alas! too frequently with his parents. The sturdy and independent qualities of character are neglected and the over-indulgence of the fond parents proves the real neglect of the child. Only the wisest of parents can develop and nourish the iron in the blood of one so born. A wise philosopher has said: "Every case of vagabondage comes from some neglected child," and the rich man's son is neglected through the dazzle of the gilt and glitter of non-essentials which blind him to the eternal principles of work and worth. Adversity, hardships, and cruel treatment often prove blessings in disguise. History teems with examples of the horny-handed and scarred heroes, who have become such through the severe struggles against trials in early life. A ship must come in contact with the storms of winds and lashing waves before it is really tested, and the test does not come until the harbor of safety has been left leagues behind. No one can know mountain climbing without

doing the climbing himself. The scenery of the mountain viewed from the observation car may be grand enough; but to appreciate the full beauty, majesty, and meaning of the mountain and to know anything of the real difficulties of the ascent, one must climb for himself—he must feel the fatigues, experience the weary limbs and the fainting sensations, and perhaps complete exhaustion.

There is no substitute for hard work. When Euclid was explaining principles of Geometry to Ptolemy, the king inquired whether the knowledge could not be obtained more easily. "Sir," said Euclid, "There is no royal road to learning." In writing of Burns, Carlyle says: "We question whether for his culture as a poet, poverty and much suffering for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. 'I would not for much' says Jean Paul, 'that I had been born richer.' And yet Paul's birth was poor enough, for in another place he adds: 'The prisoner's allowance is bread and water, and I had often only the latter.' But gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he has himself expressed it, 'the canary-bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage.'" Paradox-

ical as it may seem, it is generally a sad misfortune, as Plato says, to have been born of rich parents.

In *Romola*, George Eliot exhibits Tito as a gifted and ideal youth. This orphan was adopted by a wealthy Greek scholar who lavished upon him all the gifts of affection, all the culture and comforts of a beautiful home. Tito wished to travel abroad and the foster father arranged to take him. They sailed for Alexandria. Tito's motto was: "Get all the pleasure you can and avoid all pain." While he was used to every comfort he had been neglected by over-indulgence. Soon the foster-father became a burden; and one night at midnight Tito unbuckled from his father's waist the leather belt stuffed with jewels, and fled into the night, leaving the gray-haired man among strangers whose language he could not speak. The story shows how the young man reaped what he had sown—sorrow and death.

Andrew Carnegie has spoken wisely of the poor boy's chances:

"It is not from the sons of the millionaire or the noble that the world receives its teachers, its martyrs, its inventors, its statesmen, its poets, or even its men of affairs. It is from the cottage of the poor that all these spring.

We can scarcely read one among the few 'immortal names that were not born to die,' or who has rendered exceptional service to our race, who had not the advantage of being cradled, nursed and reared in the stimulating school of poverty.

"There is nothing so enervating; nothing so deadly in its effects upon the qualities which lead to the highest achievement, moral or intellectual, as hereditary wealth. And if there be among you a man who feels that he is not compelled to exert himself in order to earn and live from his own efforts, I tender him my profound sympathy. Should such a one prove an exception to his fellows and become a citizen living a life creditable to himself and useful to the state, instead of my profound sympathy, I bow before him with profound reverence; for one who overcomes the seductive temptations which surround hereditary wealth is of the 'salt of the earth' and entitled to double honor."

Lamprocles, the eldest son of Socrates, did not inherit the strength of character of his father and amounted to nothing. He was content to idle his time away and led a purposeless life. Aristotle knew Socrates' son well, and used him as an illustration in an essay on "Genius and Its Degeneracy."

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Marcus Tullius Cicero was perhaps, with the exception of Caesar, the greatest Roman of his time. He was a man of wealth, position, and power, and with it all he was popular with his people. Cicero had three summer villas and a winter residence, but he prided himself not upon his wealth, but upon his oratory and eloquence. It is strange that with these advantages he was unable to rear a boy who could one day take his place, at least to a degree. But Marcus, the son, did not do well. He had horses and slaves and plenty of money. He employed most of his time in games and sports. He went to Athens to college and spent five thousand dollars a year, which was his allowance. While in college Cicero sent him the famous letter of advice under the Latin title "De Officiis" or "Cicero's Offices." These letters are full of wise counsel and have been termed "The noblest present ever made by a parent to a child." After the death of Cicero, Marcus held a few minor positions which he filled with no credit to himself, as he wasted most of his time in drinking and riotous living.

Commodus, the son of Marcus Aurelius, was headstrong and of a willful temper, and brought much grief to his father. While on his deathbed, Marcus Aurelius called about

him his friends and advisers and told them that they now had the opportunity to prove the gratitude and love they had so often expressed in words. "Here," he said, "you see my son, whom you yourselves have educated, and, like a ship in the midst of storms and surging waves, in need of pilots, my fear is that inexperience may prove his ruin. Show yourselves toward him as many fathers, in place of me. Take care of him and give him counsel. For store of riches are of no avail to a tyrant who is destitute of power; and no bodyguard is sufficient to protect a ruler who does not possess the affections of his subjects.

* * * Impress these thoughts upon my son; recall them often to his remembrance; make your ruler a glory to yourselves and all the world. Thus will you perform the greatest honor to my memory. Thus, only, can you make my name immortal." These wise words were of no avail, nor did the young man heed those remarkable "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antonius," which he left in manuscript especially for the benefit of his son and which for centuries have made him famous as a just and wise man and a great teacher.

"As a youth Commodus displayed a lust and cruelty which amounted to a mad fury. His

whole pride was in his extraordinary bodily strength. To imitate Hercules, he often appeared clad in a lion's skin and armed with a club. He appeared as a gladiator seven hundred and thirty-five times. His joy in murder knew no bounds. He often had the companion of his orgies slain from simple delight in bloodshed." He was at last murdered himself, which his country felt was justice in the form of retribution.

Oliver Cromwell's son Richard was known as "Lazy Dick," and the son has often been referred to as the small son of a great father.

There are, however, some notable exceptions to the rule of the rich man's son which should be mentioned. William E. Gladstone was a child of wealth and power. But he took as his clients not the rich and great but the poor and weak. He refused a title and a seat in the House of Lords. He chose to die as plain Mr. Gladstone. John Ruskin fell heir to almost a million dollars. But his philosophy was that "life without industry is guilt." By his pen he earned a large fortune, and in earning it he added materially to the happiness of the world. Carlyle once said of Ruskin: "He is a seer that guides his generation." Lord Shaftsbury never had the advantages of poverty, but he understood the

blessings of unselfish drudgery and he surmounted the obstacles of wealth, and at his death left the world his debtor. George Washington was heir to a large estate, but his wise mother and his abundance of good sense saved him from the perils of his riches. John Quincy Adams was also a man of large wealth, but like Gladstone, he desired to work for his country and conducted his life on the theory that no amount of money excused one from honest toil. He worked diligently until eighty-one years of age. Dante's son is another exception for he was a thorough student in college and became a successful lawyer in Verona, and a man of prominence, though the chief reason that he is remembered is because he was the son of a great man.

Edward, son of Alfred, king of England, was a great ruler and the son of a great king. He inherited his father's bravery and his father's ability to govern his people. He was like his father, patient amid privation, steadfast through disappointment, modest and noble in success. King Alfred died when he was but fifty-four years of age, but before death he called Edward to him and said: "My son, I feel that my hour is near; my face is pale; my days are nearly run; we must soon part. I shall go to another world and thou shalt be

left alone with all my wealth. I pray thee, for thou art my dear child, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people; be thou the children's father and the widow's friend;; comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all things, shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and so He shall help thee better to compass that which thou wouldst." King Edward was an exception to the rule which applies to the lives of most great men's sons, as he was a noble man and a wise king.

Greece and Rome fell because through long years of prosperity, wealth established a base ideal for the people, and the leaders fell victims to its temptations.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Nearly all of the great American writers—Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Poe, Channing, Prescott, Irving, Motley, Taylor—were born before 1825; and authors have sought explanation in the decline of national spirit and have attributed it to the great immigration of foreign peoples, which no doubt has been hostile to

the growth of literature in this country. But there is another cause, the ideals of the people have shifted to the busy commercial side; the hum of business and the atmosphere of the market have stifled to a great extent the growth of poetry, romance, oratory, and philosophy. Goethe's poem—"The Bard," shows how free the artist must feel. The bard sings a beautiful song in the presence of the king, but refuses the chain of gold offered by the king. Handing back the gift the bard exclaims:

"I sing as sings the bird
That in the branches dwelleth,
The song itself, its own reward,
From deepest soul it welletth."

When that great, noble and talented man, Louis Agassiz, was asked, on his refusal to accept three thousand dollars for a course of six lectures, why he did not use his great talents to gain money, he replied with lofty scorn: "I cannot afford to lecture for money." "A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table wit; he cannot be their menial; he cannot even be their partisan."

Xavier and Loyola forsook palaces and wealth that they might be brothers to beggars

and thus found joy denied to kings. Said Martin Luther: "It's God's way, of beggars to make men of power, just as he made the world of nothing." Michael Faraday who was once a poor newsboy, said he always felt and hoped for such boys, as he knew what struggles they must have. Yet these same struggles prepared Faraday for his battles later in life. Garfield, a son of poverty, said he always looked for big things under a boy's ragged coat.

A few years ago a canvass of the prominent men of New York City showed that eighty-five per cent. had been reared in villages and rural districts. Eighty per cent. of the students in colleges and seminaries in the Middle West of the United States are from the country. The chances of the country boy are one hundred to one—and why? There are at least two fundamental reasons: first, he is allowed to grow and conserve his nerve force until he is well-developed physically. On the farm he is freer from dissipating influences. He works in nature until he is tired enough to sleep; he appeals to no cunning in business; no manipulation of men, no "reading of human nature," he is on no early artificial strain. Culture and character come not through consuming excitement nor the whirl of pleasures. When he is

tired he is so through work which is open to the sun and air. He is not strained over society functions or other artificial nerve-racking pleasures. In the next place he is not a victim of too great a division of labor. He is put to his own initiative frequently. He must himself "put his axe to the trees," and while he may leave many stumps he learns the way. He develops courage to tackle new problems and does not falter and tremble in the face of obstacles. In adjusting the harness, mending the plow, repairing the buildings and fences, caring for the stock, and marketing the produce he has learned life's lessons. "The best part of every man's education," says Walter Scott, "is that which he gives to himself." Man learns to swim by being tossed into life's stream and left to make his way ashore. The rich man became strong because he began in poverty and had no hand to assist him. After wrestling long in the school of hard battles of life he one day possesses the power of many men. But his son, cradled in ease, sheltered from every harsh wind, fails to see the need of industry and becomes a "failure."

Johnson struggled from early life with poverty. In his sternest trials he probably bore the ills he could not master. In his youth, when some unknown friend, seeing his shoes

completely worn out, left a new pair at his chamber door, he disdained to accept the boon and threw them away. While in college he declared he would fight his way through by his literature and his wit. Irving says of him: "In his young manhood he taught school and wrote occasionally for the press. When twenty-eight years of age he came up to London with David Garrick, his old pupil, both penniless and both like Goldsmith, seeking their fortune in the metropolis.

"We rode and tied!" said Garrick, sportively, in after years of prosperity, when he spoke of their humble wayfaring.

"I came to London," said Johnson, "with two pence halfpenny in my pocket."

"Eh, what's that you say?" cried Garrick, "with twopence halfpenny in your pocket?"

"Why, yes, I came with twopence halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, David, with but three halfpence in thine."

Nor was there much exaggeration in the picture; for so poor were they in purse and credit that after their arrival they had, with difficulty, raised five pounds, by giving their joint note to a bookseller in the Strand.

Many, many years Johnson went on obscurely in London, "fighting his way by his literature and his wit;" enduring all the hard-

ships and miseries of a Grub-street writer; so destitute at one time that he and Savage the poet had walked all night about St. James's Square, both too poor to pay for a night's lodging, yet both full of poetry and patriotism, and determined to stand by their country; so shabby in dress at another time that when he dined at Cave's, his bookseller, where there was a prosperous company, he could not make his appearance at table, but had his dinner handed to him behind a screen. Yet through all the long and dreary struggle, often diseased in mind as well as body, he was resolutely self-dependent, and proudly self-respectful; he fulfilled his college vow to "fight his way by his literature and his wit." Johnson was so poor at the time of his mother's death that he could not pay for her coffin and to raise the money he wrote the immortal *Rasselas*. A critic once said of a rich young friend: "He needs poverty alone to make him a great painter."

The stories of Benjamin Franklin, George Peabody, Horace Mann, Daniel Safford, John Bright, Charles Goodyear, Peter Cooper, Amos Lawrence, Charles Jewett, George Stephenson, are stories of privation, sore trials and disappointments met by a spirit of indomitable courage until at last success was reached,

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when the road of early difficulties was looked upon as a blessing in disguise.


Robert Burns was the son of a day laborer; Copernicus was the son of a Polish baker; Kepler was the son of an inn keeper; Newton was the son of a small farmer; Drake and Nelson, naval heroes, were sons of clergymen; Haydn was the son of a wheelwright; Stephenson, the inventor of locomotives, was an engine fireman; Abraham Lincoln, the flower of American Democracy, was born in abject poverty. Ephraim Bell, founder of the celebrated agricultural works and inventor of a reaper, a harvester and a mower, began life as a carpenter. Thomas Edison was a newsboy. Jay Gould was brought up on a farm, and became first a bookkeeper and then a surveyor. Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was the son of a farmer, and was a working mechanic. James Harper, founder of the great publishing house, was a farmer's son and was apprentice to a printer. George Pullman, founder of the great Pullman company, at seventeen was working for a country merchant. George W. Childs of the *Philadelphia Ledger* was an errand boy. At thirteen he entered the navy in which he remained about a year and a half, when he became a clerk in a book store at three dollars a week. George Peabody, the

great London banker, was clerk in a grocery store at eleven years of age. John Ericsson, of *Monitor* fame, was a poor boy and early in life worked in the iron mines of Sweden. James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm early in life; later he was a wood-chopper, and mule driver on the canal. He earned his first dollar by planing boards.

Michael Faraday was the son of a blacksmith and was apprentice to a bookbinder. Bunyan was a poor tinker. Jeremy Taylor, the noted preacher, Richard Arkwright, the inventor, and Turner, the great painter, were barbers. Arkwright gave "A clean shave for a half penny," that he might get a start. Milton was the son of a poor London scrivener. Kepler was the son of a poor innkeeper and was kitchen and chore boy. Keats was a druggist without means to carry on a successful business. Pope and Southey were sons of linen dealers. Goldsmith and Coleridge were born in humble preachers' homes. When Horace Greeley was ten years old his father's home and furniture were sold at sheriff's sale. "The father of George VII was a carpenter; of Sixtus V, a shepherd; and of Adrian VI, a poor bargeman. When a boy, Adrian, unable to pay for a light by which to study, was accus-

tomed to prepare his lessons by the light of the lamps in the streets and the church porches, exhibiting a degree of patience and industry which were the certain forerunners of his future distinction."

The family of David Livingstone, the renowned missionary and explorer, was in such straitened circumstances that when he was but ten years of age he was put to work in a cotton factory as a "piercer" in order to assist in making a living for the family. The lad, however, had a thirst for knowledge, and with part of his first week's scant wages bought a small Latin grammar and began to study. He was required to be in the factory at work by six o'clock in the morning and must work until eight o'clock at night with but a brief interlude for breakfast and dinner. He attended a night school after the long hours in the factory and then would go home to pore over his studies until midnight or later, if his mother would permit it. He said "I never received a farthing of aid from any one. My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny so that I could read sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery."



It was hard, persistent work that made Livingstone famous. Concerning these trials of his youth he said: "Looking back on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education, and were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hard training." It is such courage as this that has made all our heroes.

Charles Goodyear set for himself the task of discovering how to vulcanize rubber. For ten years he was scorned as "the India rubber maniac." He was impervious to all piques from friends and foes and in the face of the direct poverty and serious sickness of his family held to his one purpose. He was so poor at one time as to be forced to sell his children's school books to provide them food. He said of his condition: "My family are in want and there is not a mouthful of provisions in the house;" and yet he was not deterred—hungry, penniless, almost naked, and well nigh friendless he toiled on to success.

Men must each be tried by fire, yes, thrice by fire, before they become immortal in the history of the world. This trial of fire may come before the world, or it may come in the quiet shop; wherever it is a great principle is

always at stake and there is a call for the hero who can hurl the right against the wrong. This test came to Dante when he was exiled from his beautiful city, Florence, and from his loved ones. He conquered by lifting the world with his immortal poem "The Divine Comedy." Bunyan was tried by prison walls where he was confined for twelve years. He did not submit, but won by writing the famous allegory "Pilgrim's Progress." "Poverty, incessant drudgery and much worse evils," says Carlyle, "it has often been the lot of poets and wise men to stirve with and their glory to conquer, Locke was banished a traitor and wrote his *Essays on the Human Understanding*, sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost*? Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with dangers compassed round he sang his immortal song, and found it a fit audience, though small in numbers. Did not Cervantes finish his work a maimed soldier and in prison? Was not the "Arancana" which Spain acknowledges as its Epic, written without even the aid of paper, on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that warfare."

Sir Walter Scott was a silent partner in the

firm that published his books. The firm failed and in consequence he was involved in debt to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars. He was then fifty-six years of age. Summoning all the energy of his mighty brain to the task, he labored incessantly, by night and day, sending out volume after volume, until in five years he had paid the whole indebtedness.

While in college William H. Prescott was accidentally struck in the eye with a crust of bread thrown by a rude student. He lost the injured eye. In a few months the other eye became so weak that he could not use it. He was determined, however, to follow his chosen life's work, the study of history. He trained his memory and persisted, until he could prepare, revise, correct, and retain in his memory the equivalent of sixty pages of printed matter, which he would then dictate to his amanuensis. In the face of these difficulties he produced the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Conquest of Mexico, the Conquest of Peru, and a History of Philip II. President Walker, of Harvard University, said of him: "We lamented the impairment of his sight as a great calamity; yet it helped, at least, to induce that earnestness and concentration of life and pursuit which has won for him a world-wide influence and fame." Francis Parkman, despite

the almost total loss of the use of his eyes, went on with his study of the French settlements in America and left a splendid monument in his historical productions. It is not uncommon to claim that Milton was indebted to his blindness for his fame; that Sanderson, Moyes, and Huber would have accomplished less than they did had they not been deprived of vision.

The thought Carlyle addresses to his readers in his essay on Goethe's portrait is ever clear to the soul destined to greatness: "Thy life, wert thou the 'pitifulest of all the sons of earth' is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work then, even as he (Goethe) has done, and does—'Like a star, unhasting, yet unresting.'"

CHAPTER VIII

THE TEACHER AND THE ARTIST

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise, but above all, by example.

JOHN RUSKIN

CONTINUED study of great characters, severe drudgery at the master's feet, long meditation upon fine arts, the complete subjection of all impulses that mar the sweetness and beauty of a noble soul—all these should precede the artist's touch to uplift mankind. The brush is stiff and stubborn, the chisel cold and cruel, and the keys are unyield-

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ing and mute in the hands of the rude and vulgar. These small and insignificant instruments in themselves have spoken the divine truths in a sublime manner and have pleased and exalted humanity, but they have done so only when governed by the blood of sacrifice and of love.

The world's master painter, Raphael, though a genius with the sweetest and purest of lives, required years of painting, study, and ripening with his contemporaries before he could conceive or execute the lofty thoughts of the Transfiguration. On the road to this most wonderful achievement of almost divine skill, Raphael garnered strength from the great souls about him and from the solitude of his studio. His talent for painting had been nurtured by his father who was also an artist. He had painted one hundred Madonnas. He had visited beautiful Florence at a time when some of her greatest artists were there; Da Vinci with his magic touch on canvas astonishing and pleasing the world; Michael Angelo giving freedom with mallet and chisel to the enslaved marble in the faces of Moses and David; Savonarola, at the price of martyrdom, reaching for the higher life above the vanities of his fellow citizens and above the mistakes of his government.

Thus it is that Raphael's great and good achievements and his ultimate triumph in the world's greatest painting are results to be attributed not alone to his genius but to his training; to beautiful Florence, to his inspiring country, to his noble companions and to his slavish, though glorified devotion to his art.

As it was with Raphael, so it has ever been with all great artists whether architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, poets, or teachers. One and all have succeeded in lifting their fellow men to the highest pinnacles of life by their spiritual work. The truest artist lives in the most sacred purity of thought. That which is tainted and impure cannot be contemplated long until the story is depicted in the shadings, lines, and carvings. Guido Reni had it within his power to leave the world as much his debtor as did Raphael or Angelo; but to the sorrow of the world, he lost sight of his ideals, gave up the divinely inspiring element of his work, and began painting merely to further his own selfish purposes in a downward moral course; and, as a natural consequence, from that time the earthy elements of the painter's nature haunted his brush and he produced nothing equal to his early promise.

Michael Angelo was so filled with the love of his work that he called his art his wife and

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his works his children. He studied his subjects so intensely and had his feelings so thoroughly in tune with the themes of his productions, that his works have thrilled the world with their wondrous force and beauty.

The crowning glories of all epoch-making souls are purity, industry and intense devotion to a high-minded purpose. What is true of the relation of man to the art of painting is also true in regard to man and all his labors. Man is revealed by his works. Milton erected a beautiful and immortal temple for the mind of the world, but the blind poet's life of study, purity and prayer equals in majesty and sublimity any temple his creative genius could erect. Paul's great faith and courage, his indomitable will, and determined purpose to lead the world to righteousness blazed the way for Christian liberty and free institutions—a result that could not have been accomplished had not his soul been afire with the Master's purpose.

Carlyle withdrew from the noise of the city to study the French Revolution. He buried himself in hundreds of books pertaining to that maddened age; he partook of the very life of that period; he lived in all the ebbs and flows on battle fields and in courts; he felt all the woes and pathos of public and private life,

until his mind and heart burst forth in the story which carries the reader into the very firing lines of the times.

A great American educator reads a masterpiece one hundred times as a preliminary preparation to a careful and thorough study of the subject, and his lectures on Biblical and general literature testify that he has lived most intensely in each masterpiece he treats. Dante spent thirty years in the study of his immortal epic, the *Divine Comedy*, and no other than a gigantic character surmounting triumphantly the storm-swept scenes of his life could have scaled such peaks of thought, leaving the world an ever indebted heir to his penetration of the spiritual universe. It required almost a lifetime for Webster to reach his "Reply to Hayne," and Lincoln his "Emancipation Proclamation;" but these weather-beaten oaks of character had so withstood the tempests of time, that they were chosen of God to proclaim His mighty words of freedom.

The passion poisoned characters of Bacon, Byron, and Goethe, though their philosophy deserves much praise and their songs are still sung with ardor, are far overshadowed in real worth to the human race by Paul, Raphael, and Milton. It has been said that Goethe walked with his head in the clouds and

his feet in the mire and that he kept two friends busy, one making laurels for his brow and the other cleansing the mud from his feet.

"In true art," says Ruskin, "the hand, the head and the heart go together." Commenting upon art, Burke says: "Art is nothing else than the type of a strong and noble life."

As the souls of these artists are portrayed in their work on canvas, in marble or in song, even so is it true of the teacher that his life and character, whether for good or evil, are impressed upon the child. The little child, with its soul of purity and love, is God's canvas of innocence outstretched and ready to receive alike the portrayal of darkness and death or of beauty and life. The mind of the child while plastic is most capable of being developed and needs noble guidance, and tremendous is the responsibility of him who accepts the role of teacher. Emerson was right in directing his daughter to seek the great teachers rather than to choose the subjects to be studied.

The Greeks never fully realized the importance of the teacher. They selected some worn-out citizen who was no longer acceptable in games or wars and to him entrusted the care of their children—the pedagogue. Even some parts of our own country witness the employment in the schoolroom of persons who are

more fitted for the janitor's place than the teacher's. "The earliest educator of the children of many rich parents is the nurse maid—a person not usually distinguished by either intellectual or moral excellence. For such people, the Catholics have a great lesson, when they prove that after training the child for the first seven years, it always remains a Catholic. An author is correct in saying that if we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the globe would be less influenced by all the nations he has seen than by his nurse. Childhood is to the man what the flower is to the fruit, and since the child is destined to conquer all things of nature, it should have a hundred times more care. "There are no such things as bad men or bad plants," says Victor Hugo, "there are only bad cultivators," Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

After parental advice, there are no words of counsel so often referred to as those of the teacher. The teacher's influence upon the coming generations is a concrete example of the lesson in Tennyson's "Bugle Song:"

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

This influence is well impressed by Mr. Cur-

tis in "Prue and I" where, in describing his teachers, he says: "My grandmother sent me to school, but I looked at the master and saw that he was a smooth, round ferrule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a willow wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one teacher was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in one day, I saw the stars."

The teacher who can pilot the struggling child from its bonds of darkness into light and truth so that in the years to follow the pupil will refer to the guide marks left in his memory by the revered master, is an artist whose pictures upon the soul shall never perish and whose influence shall never cease, though his name pass with his body. The importance of this great field of work in which the teacher is the moving spirit cannot be better expressed than in the words of W. T. Harris: "If I were asked to name one product of vice and crime that would soonest touch the hearts of all good people, I should say a neglected child. Give me the child and the state may have the man. Every case of vagabondage has its root in some neglected child." President Garfield was touched when he saw so many city waifs who needed a loving hand to lead them, and as

his great heart felt for them, he said: "I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I never know what great possibilities may be buttoned up under that shabby coat."

The time-worn though true expressions that "Education is better than a standing army," and "The common school is the hope of our country," are well illustrated by the statement of Horace Mann that the forehead of the Irish peasantry was lowered an inch when the government made it an offense punishable with fine, imprisonment, and a traitor's death to be a teacher of children. When the Hellenes drove the Orientals from their shores, it was not by greater numbers, for their army was insignificant when compared to the vast deluge of soldiers that poured in from the East; it was not by power of wealth, as they were poor while the Persians were abounding in riches; but it was because of the superior training of the Greek intellect. For the same reason, when von Moltke led his educated Germans against France, the French leaders were forced to admit that if they stood against Prussia they would have to begin the battle in the school-rooms. Again, George William Curtis says: "The sure foundations of states are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and every sneer

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at education, at book learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degradation and ruin."

What a mighty influence the educator wields even in wars! But the old idea of maintaining large armies and settling all questions on the battle plain is giving way to the more noble plan of battling against ignorance and sin, both for the individual and the nation, and of displacing the warriors with scholars, and war implements with cultured minds. From now on the educator's labors will doubtless be spent in advancing the peaceful arts of mankind.

If, then, the teacher exercises such a powerful influence in the individual and national life, young men and young women may well pause before entering this profession to see if they are properly girded for the work. The teacher should be qualified not only in scholarship, but also in love of children, purity of thought, sincerity of purpose, and joy in the higher life. The teacher's trust is a sacred one; and no scowling face, harsh voice or vulgar mind should be allowed to hold this trust, for children are extremely sensitive and delicate and must be dealt with as most precious.

The great engine, almost perfect in its complex construction, achieving great victories for the onward march of civilization, is bulky, awkward and commonplace when compared to the mind that runs it. Wonderful is the speed of electricity and light, but it is slow indeed in comparison to distance as encompassed by thought. Grand are the lessons to be obtained from the bounties of nature, but more sublime are those that spring from the mind whose conceptions control and improve nature. Fair and sweet is the lily, but more beautiful the innocent child—the lily returns to earth, the child may reach to God. The dainty plant is crushed with a blow, but the child may be ruined by sound alone. As Newell Dwight Hillis says: "Marvelous man's skill through the fine arts; wondrous, too, his handicrafts; but no picture ever painted, no poem ever perfected, no temple ever builded is comparable for strength and beauty to a full-orbed soul, matured through a widely trained reason and a sober judgment, mellow in heart and conscience, pervaded throughout with the spirit of Jesus Christ, the soul's master and model."

The teacher who leads a life of Christian purity and maintains a high degree of scholar-

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ship with a deep-seated love of learning, who continues ever to expand the soul to wider and wider visions, and who sincerely, lovingly, and enthusiastically works for the highest good of his pupils, lacks nothing unless it be the God-given endowment, tact, to make him the model teacher.

But let not the teacher be discouraged—the world owes him much. “The empire of the dead over the living increases from age to age.” And to whom is the honor due more than to the faithful teacher! The giant intellect of Moses was chosen of God to teach his childish nation the way to physical and spiritual freedom. Socrates left the carving of marble to explore, Columbus like, the mysteries of life; and when his great mind began to discover new continents of thought, he, as a noble teacher should, led his beloved countrymen to see them, and his teachings were to the world of thought what the dawn is to a bright day. And though his time did not value him above the cup of hemlock, the world for ages has stood his debtor. The lowly Nazarine left His trade to save the world with His life and teachings. His pure, holy, and perfect life is the one object lesson of perfection. He left

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Heaven and came down to earth that He might become the teacher of men and by His perfect wisdom save souls for God. His mission, as shown by His precept and example, was to teach; and "He opened His mouth and taught them" the divine paths that are leading the world unto a united Brotherhood in the cause of His kingdom.

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CHAPTER IX

BOOKS AS TEACHERS

The child that by the age of fourteen has not read "Robinson Crusoe," "Hiawatha," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Stories of Greek Heroes," by Kingsley and Hawthorne; the "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Paul Revere's Ride," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Arabian Nights," "Sleepy Hollow," "Rip Van Winkle," "The Tales of the White Hills," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake," the story of Ulysses and the Trojan War, of Siegfried, William Tell, Alfred, John Smith, Columbus, Washington, and Lincoln—the boy or girl who has grown up to the age of fourteen without a chance to read and thoroughly enjoy these books, has been robbed of a great fundamental right; a right which can never be made good by any subsequent privileges or grants.

CHARLES A. McMURRAY

I HAVE friends," said Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cab-

inet and in the field, and obtained high honors for the knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information, I may safely rely in all emergencies.

"In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber, in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace, for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumult of society."

It has been said that the thing which differentiates us from the savage is the possession of books—the making, the owning, and the reading of books. Dr. Potter, in an essay on books, considers the imaginary case of a South Sea

Man

Islander suddenly transported from his savage home and set down in one of the great cities of Europe. He says there are many things the savage would understand; "its clustered pillars and lofty arches would bring to mind a well-remembered grove of old and stately trees—the dreaded dwelling of some cruel deity, or the fit arena of some abhorred rite." A military parade with its blare of horn and drum would need little explanation; "a festive gathering of lords and ladies gay would be quite an intelligible affair, and the more closely he should look into the particulars of the transaction, the more numerous, it is possible, might be the points of resemblance between the barbaric and the fashionable assembly; but a public library would be too much for him. It would prove a mystery quite beyond his reach. Its design and its utility would be alike incomprehensible. The front of the edifice within which the library was placed might indeed command his admiration, and within, the lofty arches, the lengthened aisles, and the labyrinthine succession of apartments, might attract and bewilder him. The books, even, rising one above another in splendid lines, and dressed in gilt and purple and green, might seem to his savage eye a very pretty sight; though they would please that eye just as well

if carved and colored upon the solid wall, or if, as has been the fancy of certain owners of libraries, the volumes had been wrought from solid wood—fit books for the wooden heads that owned them. The mystery of the library to him would be the books in it.”

The bewilderment of the savage is pictured as he watches the antiquarian rush from one closet to another peering into volume after volume, “copying from each in strange characters as a conjuring priest at home looks for spirits, stuffs the manuscript into his pocket, and walks off as proudly as though, like the self-same priest, he had caught and bagged the fetich, amulet, or medicine-bag.” He watches the man of science gaze for hours on one page; watches the “poet reading his favorite author and marvels at the mysterious influence that dilates his eye and kindles his cheek, and sends madness through his frame.” Any attempted explanation would simply increase his wonder. Indeed there is little doubt that the savage would go away with even a deeper reverence for books than that held by some of his civilized brothers with their imposing yards of library shelves and costly uniform editions.

Few people, even though the greatest lovers of books, realize the weight of obligation they are under to the best books of all time. It is

difficult to imagine what the world would be to-day without what has come down from past ages preserved in vellum, parchment, or the most thoroughly modern, cheap, unsightly paper; our civilization and the advancement of our institutional life all depend upon the knowledge which comes through books. Traditional lore could not have brought us where we are or given us what we have. Science built on the accumulated experience and proof of the last generation, advances nearer the goal of all knowledge. Nations, profiting by the history of past failures, stride rapidly toward Utopian dreams. And literature! What does not literature owe to books! The influence of books is the greatest thing in the world. Material in their make-up, yet they hold ensnared the spirits of ages and preserve the trumpet voice of the one God.

"But apart from and above all other books is the book, the Bible. Alone it has civilized whole nations. Be our theories of inspiration what they may, this book deals with the deepest things in man's heart and life. Ruskin and Carlyle tell us that they owe more to it in the way of refinement and culture than to all the other books, plus all the influence of colleges and universities. Therein the greatest geniuses of time tell us of the things they caught fresh

from the skies; the things that stormed upon them and surged through their souls in mighty tides, entrancing them with matchless music; things so precious for man's heart and conscience as to be endured and died for. It is the one book that can fully lead forth the richest and deepest and sweetest things in man's nature. Read all other books—philosophy, poetry, history, fiction; but if you will refine the judgment, fertilize the reason, wing the imagination, attain unto the finest womanhood, or the sturdiest manhood, read this book, reverently, prayerfully, until its truths have dissolved like iron into the blood. Read, indeed, the hundred great books. If you have no time, make time and read. Read as toil the slaves of Golconda, casting away the rubbish and keeping the gems. Read to transmute facts unto life, but read daily the book of conduct and character—the Bible. For the book Daniel Webster placed under his pillow when dying is the book all should carry in the hand while living.”

“The Bible has the singular faculty of attracting to itself the thinkers of the world, either as friends or as foes, always, everywhere. Our own language owes, in part, the very structure it has received, to our English Bible. No American or Englishman knows well his

mother-tongue till he has learned it in the vocabulary and the idioms of King James' translation. The language first crystallized around this translation." "It is interesting to observe," says Austin Phelps, "how the influence of the Bible trickles down into crevices in all other literature, and shows itself at length in golden veins, and precious gems of thought, which are the admiration of all observers."

Dr. Edwards gives the following illustrations of the indebtedness of literature to the Bible: "The Red Cross Knight in the *Faerie Queen* of Spenser is the Christian of the last chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The Messiah of Pope is only a paraphrase of some passages in Isaiah. The highest strains of Cowper in the *Task* are an expansion of a chapter of the same prophet. The *Thanatopsis* of Bryant is indebted to a passage from the Book of Job. Lord Byron's celebrated poem on *Darkness* was founded on a passage of Jeremiah. Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality* could never have been written but for the creative effect upon the poet's imagination of such scriptures as the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians and the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Pantheism has a cool way of appropriating a great deal of Christian poetry. Thus it claims

Wordsworth, but the most autobiographic passages in the *Excursion* descriptive of the communion of his soul with nature could never have been conceived but by a mind which was permeated by the inspiration of the One Hundred and Forty-eight Psalm. 'In such access of mind, in such high hour, of visitation of the living God,' is the language in which he himself describes this communion." Whole essays have been written to show wherein Shakespeare's art gleaned inspiration from Biblical lore.

Men of all rank and stations willingly acknowledge their obligations to the influence of books read in youth. In some instances, it was perhaps, only a part of a book—a page—or, as with Jeremy Bentham, only a phrase at the end of a paragraph which arrested his attention. There are books which incite the youth to the pursuit of knowledge; others are adapted to the building up of character; and some books, such as those of Burroughs, Thoreau, and Wordsworth, drive the reader away from books to the source of things—books that point back to the great Heart of Mother Nature who feeds the fires of knowledge with fuel at first hand.

Macaulay, with genius, wealth, and rank, found his greatest happiness in books. He

said they had been with him through sickness and sorrow, and had filled his mind with beautiful images. He called them "old friends" that had never changed in all the vicissitudes of life, and added: "I have no pleasure from books that equals that of reading over the hundredth time great productions which I know almost by heart." Fenelon said: "If the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." It was Carlyle who called good books the equivalent of a university. Of old, those who longed for instruction attained their desire only by going in person to sit at the feet of the great teachers. Now a gist of what a man has to give may be obtained largely from his books.

Montezquieu used to say that he had never known a pain or distress which he could not soothe in half an hour with a good book. Mr. Beecher frequently asserted that he was never quite the same man again after he had read Ruskin's works. "A man's best friends are often authors in their books, and no one is quite the same again who has been touched by a noble friendship and has felt the expression of a lofty mind stirring the divinity within him and giving him a glimpse of his real self.

Such friends are often gained through reading."

Just as the body must assimilate food in order to grow, so must the mind be amply nourished. He who ceases to grow mentally will find, in time, that his mind has slowly atrophied and has grown incapable of assimilating thought. That it is better to wear out than to rust out applies even more forcibly to the mind than to the body; but it is doubtful if the mind ever wears out in healthful occupation. It is the man of brains and judicious mental work that retains his faculties longest. The scholar, normal and sane, conserving his energy and exercising all his powers, is the man who passes down to his rest in dignity and with clear vision. It is the dullard and clod that lives on after his brain has lost its power. The man who relies on his "horse sense," dotes on his materialistic views of life and living, to the exclusion of sentiment and soul and spiritual power is the man in danger. "The soul of many a man dies in his youth. Sometimes it is scorched and burned by sin and dissipation. The defense of the soul against this is open-mindedness, much of which may be obtained through reading and books. The Greeks, who more than any other people known to history, kept their youth fresh and vigorous, were char-

acterized to a wonderful degree by that divine curiosity which is forever seeking the truth of all things at any cost and at all times."

The time is past when a deep reverence was felt for any book. The day of cheap book-making has changed all that. The world is flooded with books—books rich and rare, books cheap and trashy—books to be had for a pittance or books to be purchased with a king's ransom. With this wealth of volumes from which to select, one should make a conscientious choice, and young people should be protected from aimless reading and poor selections. If one learns early in life to choose wisely, to read with thought and attention, and to recall and apply the knowledge thus acquired, then no matter if college training and university doors be barred by poverty, the youth will, despite this, become educated—perhaps wiser and better trained than more fortunate brothers "sliding through" college on paternal support or on athletic fame.

Teachers have not only the task of inspiring a desire for books, but also of teaching a nice discrimination in their selection. Theirs is the honor and joy of leading the way to those books in which Carlyle says "lies the soul of the whole past time; the articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material

substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream."

Harry Lyman Koopman, in "The Mastery of Books" says: "In response to the question, 'What to read?' one is tempted to exclaim, 'Read anything, only read!' For every real book is a window opening on the Infinite, disclosing boundless fields for the expansion and refreshment of the soul. Yet we cannot accept in regard to books the stoic's rule for preference for food—the nearest. There must be choices, both absolute and relative."

But how should this vital matter of choice be brought about? Much has been gained in this direction. Newspapers, magazines, lecturers, and teachers have done faithful missionary labor, but a large part of the civilized, even supposedly educated persons are still groping in darkness when it comes to the judicious selection of reading matter. If one doubts this, he should enter any book store during the holiday shopping season and drift about from one group of buyers to another, watch the buying, and listen to the conversation; he can but deplore the profligate waste of money on worthless literature. The majority of the buyers choose with about the same foresight as was used in snatching from the "Grab-bag" of the old time festivities. One

book is bought for its cheap decoration; another because of its "pretty pictures;" an elegant lady buys a dozen, dainty, limp covers without a glance at the title pages; a youth asks for one of the "very newest" books and takes what is given; the busy man relies on the taste of the young girl clerk—tells her to give him a "rattling good yarn" for a boy and something to please a girl; the maiden aunt demands some little "baby books" and accepts in color-blindness some atrocious, glaring crimes against art and grace and beauty. Listen to a woman's tired voice reading over the titles of some third-rate novels and note the hopeful tone that comes as she finds one made familiar by the cheap theater advertisement of its garbled dramatization; it is a point of apperception to her literary base; here is a book of which she has heard, at least, and with a sigh of relief she pays well-intended money, and sister Mary down on the farm, gets it for Christmas.

Follow the fortunes of this book—this bearer of "problem" plot, sensational characters, melodrama under the guise of truth, false standards of honor, and worse than commonplace English. It goes on its vitiating mission to a home where its coming is an event and to a generous neighborhood which circu-

lates its reading matter till it has reached all. This book that deserved to be a message of sweetness and light sent like a golden-tipped arrow of truth from the gods, was instead worse than no book. If one would know the evil influences of bad books let him read the life of Don Quixote who lost his mind through reading trashy books on chivalry. While the story is fiction it sounds a great truth as to evil effects of bad books.

In making a choice of books there should be the demand that the book give some kind of pleasure; second, this pleasure should be tested "by asking whether the majority of cultivated people do or do not enjoy the same sort of book, and whether you would care to read the volume again yourself. Finally, analyze the book and see whether or not it contains the artistic qualities that have rendered the classics of the past imperishable."

"Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil," said Southey, "examine in what state of mind you lay it down." If, after reading a book, the mind experiences a wholesome reaction of good-feeling or cheer, charity or love for his fellow-men, a desire for good or an ambition to succeed, an acquisition of knowledge that spurs on to further investigation, or to any sort of spiritual uplift,

the book just finished has been of a highly moral tone—a good book. The day of so called “Sunday School” literature has passed. The chronicles of priggish, hysterically religious children have passed away together with those bogies of Divine wrath that always found out the erring boy and finished him before sunset. The wishy-washy type of religious story never appealed in a normal way to the healthy child imbued with the usual allotment of original sin. It is the great story of heroic action that stirs the soul—the book in which beautiful self-sacrifice, noble courage, and high principles lurk between the lines and conquer the imagination and clinch the high resolves. No one can say: “Now I shall set about writing a highly moral tale for the moral’s sake.” Instead he must choose the great moral principles crystallized into life and action, and show the passions of men touched to the harmony of high ideals by the finger of God.

“To be really great,” says Shuman, “a book must have a great idea at the heart of it as well as a beautiful vesture of language about it. It must have a moral meaning not tagged upon the outside in sermonizing platitudes, but woven into the living warp and woof of the characters and action, so that the

reader feels it in his heart rather than knows it in his head. The greatness of Hugo's 'Les Misérables' lies largely in the superb power with which he makes you feel the injustice done to Jean Valjean. It is a tremendous sermon on the wrongs that society is inflicting every day upon released prisoners, but it has done more good than a thousand sermons, because it puts the pathetic truth into the form of a living, brave, magnetic man whose sufferings and misfortunes move us in a way we can never forget."

Bliss Carman says of a real book: "To be influenced by a trivial or ignoble or false book, is to associate with an unworthy companion, and to suffer the inevitable detriment. For the book, like the man, must be so true that it convinces our reason and satisfies our curiosity; it must be so beautiful that it fascinates and delights our taste; it must be so spirited and so right minded that it enlists our sympathy and stirs our more human emotions. A good book leaves us happier and better. A bad book leaves us poorer, either by confusing our reason with what is not true or by debasing our taste with what is ugly or by offending our spirit with what is evil."

One book read in youth may mar a man's whole future. Success may come as the result

of one truth gleaming on a printed page. A man may find himself in the most unexpected way through one sentence tinged with celestial light. Daniel Webster said: "My opportunities in youth for acquiring an education were limited, but I had the great good fortune of being well supplied with useful books, and these gave me my start in life." "A wise mother and good books enabled me to succeed in life," said Henry Clay. "She was very poor, but never too poor to buy the proper books for her children."

With all English literature open to youth—with such mines of wealth as may be found in Scott and Irving, Shakespeare and Tennyson, Milton and Wordsworth, Macaulay and Carlyle, no boy or girl should be denied the best. In relation to the study of the best books, Joseph Cook declared there were not over one thousand that deserve reading three times through. A few books mastered are of far more value than many books tasted. It is well to stick to those that come under the Bacon classification: "Few to be chewed and digested."

It is worthy of notice that many of the world's most noted men have had access in their youth to few books. Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, fed the divine essence within

him from a few standard works which included the Spectator, Pope, Thompson, Sterne and Mackenzie. "Lord Kossuth, during his imprisonment in Turkey, studied Shakespeare and the English Bible and when he lectured through Great Britain, his speeches were so remarkable for their eloquence and idiomatic grace of expression, that scholars were amazed at the accuracy and beauty of his style." Dr. Johnson recommended the devotion of "days and nights to the study of Addison," to attain "a style familiar, but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious."

In speaking of the advice to keep ever on your book-shelves a few good books, "to which it is well to give ten minutes each morning before going down into the battle and choking dust of the day," John Morley says: "Men will name these books for themselves. One will choose the Bible, another Goethe, one the Imitation of Christ, another Wordsworth. Perhaps it matters little what it be, so long as your writer has cheerful seriousness, elevation, calm, and above all, a sense of size and strength, which shall open out the day before you and bestow gifts of fortitude and mastery."

William Dean Howells has given a hopeful word on the choice of books for mature persons. "For my own part, I believe I have

never gotten any good from a book that I did not read merely because I wanted to read it. I think this may be applied to anything a person does. The book, I know, which you read from a sense of duty or because for any reason you must, is apt to yield you little. This, I think, is also true of everything, and the endeavor that does one good—and lasting good—is the endeavor one makes with pleasure. Labor done in another spirit will serve in a way, but pleasureable labor brings, on the whole, the greatest reward.”

A teacher’s duty lies clear in this matter of awakening and stimulating interest in classics and modern masterpieces of literature. There are many ways to do this. A bright sketch of the author may put a compelling personality in the book for some readers. A clever survey of the contents may stir the interests of a whole class who would otherwise have passed the book by. A brilliant quotation may arouse interest in a selection and create a desire to read the whole of it.

Young students need, too, to be taught to read. A book should be worth several readings and its message good enough to stay with the reader after the book is put aside. A number of brilliant men have had the life habit of reproducing in memory or on paper the

parts of any book that appealed most to their minds. No knowledge is of worth until it has been so thoroughly mastered that it can be reproduced in definite, precise form. It is an excellent thing, after reading a good book, to attempt to put on paper an abstract of what the memory has obtained. Some eminent scholars, including Gibbon and Daniel Webster, were accustomed to examine first the design and contents of a book, after which they would write out a list of questions which they expected to find answered in the volume. A reader so prepared, is in slight danger of "eye reading," but instead, reads with mind alert. A valuable book is usually worth at least second reading, and if it is a book of a deeply serious nature, it is well to allow a little time to elapse before a second reading. "Ideas, relations, statements of facts, are not to be taken by storm."

Some men have carried their close attentiveness in reading to the point of committing to memory classical selections and any admired passages in prose or verse. "As we grow old, our minds if not ourselves, grow lonely; at such times the recollection of great thoughts, of lovely images, of musical words, comes to us with a comfort, with an innocent pleasure which it is difficult to exaggerate. The mem-

orizing of classics enriches speech, cultivates and forms taste, feeds and furnishes the mind, and strengthens and fortifies the soul."

The matured man of books, however, is the man who knows at a glance what he wants to read painstakingly and what he wishes merely to scan superficially. "Little books may be glanced at, but great books must be studied. It is the work of years to master thoroughly the writings of Shakespeare, Macaulay, Carlyle and Ruskin. The college student reads few books but he studies them and graduates a man. Classified knowledge is the only kind that is worth seeking, as it alone will mould the character and train the mind."

Both Coleridge and Carlyle were said "to dive into a book" and in a few hours bring to the surface all they cared to take therefrom. Some readers by a quick glance at the table of contents are able to select the things that interest them most and thus save hours of desultory reading. Macaulay, whose knowledge of ancient literature was unquestioned, confesses that when he had grown too busy to do otherwise, he "read his classics, not like a collegian, but like a man of the world; if he did not know a word he passed it over, and if a passage refused to give up its meaning at the second reading dismissed it. He reported to

his sister Hannah that he had read the following works on his trip from London to Calcutta: The Iliad, the Odessey, the Aeneid, Horace, Caesar, Bacon, Dante, Petrarch, Aristo, Tasso, Cervantes, "The Decline and Fall of Rome," Mills' "India," seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondes "History of France" and seven folios of the "Biographica Britannica."

Many a man who earnestly declares that he has no time to read will be found to spend an hour daily over his newspaper. He will argue in defense that every intelligent man must be in touch with current history—which is true; but he does not realize that the man who is not well informed on the great events of the past has no proper basis on which to rest his judgment of the present. It would be difficult to persuade such a man that one-half hour of his reading time devoted daily to acquaintance-ship with Carlyle, Burns, Byron, Dante, Shakespeare or Wordsworth would yield him endless delight and a surprising amount of general culture. It is undoubtedly true that the great books of literature are unread by fairly cultured people through neglect rather than deliberate intent.

In the face of what other men have accomplished there is no man so driven—so lacking

in time—that he dare say he cannot give a few minutes each day to some good book. Thomas Casper, the noted Chartist lecturer, was the son of a poor widow; but, at the age of nineteen, he determined to secure an education, and he succeeded. He began his day's labor at eight o'clock in the morning and worked till nine at night; without a teacher he mastered Latin, Greek, French, Hebrew, and other languages, pursued an extensive course in theology, music, and English literature, and left behind him several useful books.

Some one says: "God gives enough when he gives opportunity, and the child must be taught to recognize opportunity." Sir Walter Raleigh when asked: "How do you accomplish so much in so short a time?" replied: "The man who acts promptly may make mistakes but he will succeed where a procrastinator with better judgment will fail." It is advised that a golden rule worthy of adoption is "Begin the day well." To begin the day wisely and valorously means that there must be a system back of the day's program which arranges for the wise use of each hour or even each minute. Daniel Webster used to answer thirty letters before breakfast. Bryant arose at five and accomplished much work before

other people began the day. Bancroft, Jefferson, Clay, Goethe, Schiller, Scott, and Heine, delighted in their labors during the early part of the day. No youth with health and the morning hours at his disposal for sleep or culture can give an excuse for neglecting the companionship of at least a few favorite books.

"F. W. Robertson, the noted Brighton preacher, formed the habit, when dressing in the morning, of committing to memory daily a certain number of verses of the New Testament. In this way before leaving the University of Oxford, he had gone twice over the English version and once and a half through the Greek Testament."

In considering the value of books one cannot afford to slight the novel which has grown to be a powerful influence in the literary taste of the present generation. "It is only a little region of actual things that we can include in our personal horizon—a few individual people, a few communities, a few groups and growths of society, a few places, a few situations and arrangements of circumstances, a few movements of events that we can know and be familiar with by intimacy and experience of our own. But how easily our neighborhoods and acquaintances are multiplied by the hospitable genius of the novelist! To be

put in companionship with Caleb Garth and Adam Bede, with Colonel Newcome and Henry Esmond; to meet Mrs. Poyser and Mr. Weller; to visit Barsetshire with Mr. Trollope—and loiter through Alsace with Messrs. Eckman and Chatrian; to look on Saxon England with the imagination of a Kingsley, on Eighteenth Century England with the sympathetic understanding of Thackeray, on Puritan Massachusetts with the clairvoyance of Hawthorne—how large and many-sided a life must be to embrace in its actualities so much of a ripening education as this.”

Novels instruct as well as amuse. They enlarge acquaintanceship with things domestic, social and political; they reveal the hidden springs of human action, mortal weaknesses and God-like strength; they extend the horizon beyond vast reaches of magnificent scenery; they open up new philosophy of living and hoping and striving and set up new ideals of character. Larned, in “Books and Culture,” says of the novel: “Let us fairly concede to it the great domain it has now for itself on the art side of literature, and pay to it the respect we give to all art—no less, no more. We can hardly claim to have done that yet. There is something disdainful, half shamed and apologetic, in the very homage

conceded to this newcomer among the Muses. Her devotees do not seem to be quite assured of her Olympian reputability. So we all continue to speak of the realm of 'light literature' as though literature that is weighted with the genius of George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Balzac, Hawthorne, Scott, Defoe, can justly be called 'light.' The 'lightness' which it has is the lightness of the spirit of art—the lightness which art takes from the upbearing wings on which it is exalted, and whereby it has the power to transport us high and far and make us travelers beyond the swimming of ships or the roll of wheels."

"Whatever it may be that acts on men with that kind of power is a factor in education as important as science or history. It is like the wine and the sweetness of the fruits which are wholesome peptic trifles of our body food, and it can add quite as much as the strong meats of learning to a vigorous and symmetrical growth of human character. In the novel, these potencies of art are universalized more than in any preceding form; it brings a larger mass of mankind within their range, to be quickened in spirit by them and to be wrought upon by an inward leaven which human beings are sodden without."

Last, but not least, we come into the realms

of poetry. Some one has said we should approach a great poem as one approaches a mountain top. Bacon says: "Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation. And, therefore, it was thought ever to have some participation of divineness." A true poem is a revelation from above materialized to us through the inspired writer. "Read pure, true poetry as you would open your window on a morning in June; as you would walk in a garden when the flowers are spread, or into the fields when the corn is ripe. * * * Go to it for the light and gladness and the bloom of beauty and the larger horizons and the sweeter atmosphere you can find in it, for the rest and the refreshment, and the vivifying of your souls." Poetry cultivates the imagination and gives fineness of thought and feeling, gives a culture that nothing else can give. It is impossible to read widely in biography without being deeply impressed by the fact that of the few books which formed the early intellectual food of many great thinkers, a fair number of them were volumes of the best poetry. It has even been claimed that the devoted study of one of the great English poets would bring an education within itself. "We have seen men and women of the olden time, trained in the

old-fashioned schools of 'plain living and high thinking,' of rugged face and form, of manners unstudied yet most refined, with whom Milton or Cowper, or Shakespeare, or Burns, had been a life-long study, and who had gained thereby a power of thought, a refinement of feeling, and a sagacious insight of which many a flippant Bohemian can have no conception, because his mind has been inundated by the sewerage of modern poetry, and made up of the good, the indifferent and the bad."

Though for years thousands of miles away from civilized people, David Livingstone never once lost his self respect or true refinement. His face beamed with joy, hope, and sincerity through all his trials, and when asked how he could grow old so gracefully under such conditions he replied that he trusted God, studied his Bible, and recited beautiful poems from memory. Thus had the scarred hero anchored himself to strength and beauty by true faith in Divine leadership and close communion with poetic souls.

The men and women in educational work, who do not realize their deep responsibility in directing the young in the choice of books, are insensible to one of their great opportunities. Nor can they possibly be true teach-

ers. To them the youth of our land turn. From them goes out a force for good or ill in the status of the literary taste of this generation, a force that will leaven the taste of generations to follow. From a sea of volumes there must be a fineness of selection, unprejudiced, broad and intelligent. In the list of chosen books there must be represented poetry, biography, autobiography, history, novels, science, and art, together with the best in current literature. Once this selection is made there follows the necessity of rare tact, magnetic personality, even fineness on the part of the teacher, to win the attention of the students and cultivate the taste for these masterpieces. Following this must come a great stress on good reading habits, on vigilant watchfulness of the expenditure of time and mentality, and on the thoughtful assimilation of matter read. Last, and of vital importance, must come the education of the judgment—a setting up of standards of appreciation and discrimination in selection that will give the youth an independence in matters of literary taste.

Books may become either a blessing or a harm; a spiritual uplift or an influence towards degeneracy. They become either the gentlest, tenderest, most inspiring friends, or the most implacable foes. They should be a source of joy unspeakable, a refuge from the cares and storms of the world, a solace to declining years and a guide to Heaven itself. The teacher must feed constantly the fires of his own literary knowledge with rich fuel that will flare out and glow with irresistible enthusiasm and infectious love for the best in literature of all ages.

This subject may be fittingly closed with the words of Sidney Smith: "Well and happily has that man conducted his understanding who has learned to derive from books a regular and rational delight. There are many consolations in the mind of such a man which no common life can ever afford, and many enjoyments which it has not to give. It is worth while in days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up to it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness and sorrow and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have ever done in all ages and all times."

BIOGRAPHIES AND BIOGRAPHICAL COLLECTIONS

IN making up the following classified list the effort was to suggest some of the best books in English both for reference and for general reading, particularly such as ought to be found in public libraries of even a few thousand volumes.

Eliminating the few world-famous biographies, the difficulty of finding the most representative life of a great historic character, or, those that should be read first, is clearly recognized, and one is constantly reminded that the selection must often resolve itself into a matter of taste or be determined by the phase of life wanted in the treatment. In the case of many-sided figures, such as Lincoln, Washington, Franklin, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Cæsar, as well as of many writers, much depends upon what you like or may be seeking at some particular time. Is it the military, political, literary, social or domestic aspect that interests you most? Do you wish a critical, sympathetic, or anecdotal account? Today it may be one and tomorrow it may be another that will best serve your purpose, mood, or temperament. Therefore, almost necessarily in such instances, several authoritative works are cited, leaving to the reader the solution of the question. We realize, too, that in many instances where single biographies are referred to, the choice was rather arbitrary and others equally good might just as well have been chosen.

Not only autobiography, but also letters, memoirs, diaries and journals, as frequently affording the best kind of biography, are freely included in the list. So-called "children's lives" are for the most part excluded, though very many in the list will entertain people of any age.

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The asterisk has been employed to point out a few of the masterpieces in biography. All titles of individual biographies are in italics.

It is hardly necessary to add that free use has been made of the best available bibliographies of the subject, particularly the A. L. A. Catalog, the New York State Library Lists of Best Books and Dr. Grigg's Great Autobiographies.

The classification is based on the Decimal System, familiar alike to librarians and readers, and the duplication of entries under different subjects has been strictly avoided.

The author wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Professor Arthur Cunningham, librarian of the Indiana State Normal School, in the preparation of the bibliography.

General Collective Works

Famous Leaders Among Men.....Sarah K. Bolton

Poor Boys Who Became Famous.....Sarah K. Bolton

Historic Americans.....E. S. Brooks

Contents:—John Winthrop; Benjamin Franklin; James Otis; George Washington; Samuel Adams; Patrick Henry; John Adams; Thomas Jefferson; Alexander Hamilton; Robert Morris; John Jay; John Marshall; James Madison; James Monroe; John Q. Adams; Eli Whitney; Andrew Jackson; Daniel Webster; Washington Irving; Henry Clay; J. C. Calhoun; S. F. B. Morse; Horace Mann; Abraham Lincoln; H. W. Longfellow; U. S. Grant.

Historic Boys.....E. S. Brooks

Contents:—Marcus of Rome; Brian of Munster; Olaf of Norway; William of Normandy; Baldwin of Jerusalem; Frederick of Hohenstaufen; Harry of Monmouth; Giovanni of Florence; Ixtlil' of Tezcuco; Louis of Bourbon; Charles of Sweden; Van Rensselaer of Rensselaerswyck.

Historic Girls.....E. S. Brooks

Contents:—Zenobia of Palmyra; Helena of Britain; Pulcheria of Constantinople; Clotilda of Burgundy; Woo of Hwang-Ho; Edith of Scotland; Jacqueline of Holland; Catarina of Venice; Theresa of Avila; Elizabeth of Tudor; Christina of Sweden; Ma-ta-oka of Pow-ha-tan.

Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days.....

.....Geraldine Brooks

Contents:—Anne Hutchinson; Frances M. J. La Tour; Margaret Brent; Sarah Knight; Eliza Lucas; Martha Washington; Abigail Adams; Elizabeth Schuyler; Sarah Wister and Deborah Norris.

Dames and Daughters of the Republic.Geraldine Brooks

Contents:—Dorothea P. Madison; Sarah Jay; Theodosia Burr; Elizabeth Patterson; Martha Jefferson; Rachel Jackson; Dorothy Hancock; Emily Marshall.

Studies in Contemporary Biography.....James Bryce

Contents:—Benj. Disraeli; A. P. Stanley; T. H. Green; A. C. Tait; Anthony Trollope; J. R. Green; Geo. Jessel; H. M. Cairns; Jas. Fraser; S. H. Northcote; C. S. Parnell; H. E. Manning; E. A. Freeman; Robt. Lowe; W. R. Smith; H. Sidgwick; E. E. Bowen; E. L. Godkin; Lord Acton; W. E. Gladstone.

Heroes and Hero Worship.....Thomas Carlyle

Four American Leaders.....Charles W. Eliot

Contents:—Franklin; Washington; Channing; Emerson.

How I was Educated.....E. E. Hale, and others

In *The Forum*, vols. I, II.

New Calendar of Great Men.....Frederic Harrison

ContemporariesT. W. Higginson

Contents:—Ralph Waldo Emerson; Amos Bronson Alcott; Theodore Parker; John Greenleaf Whittier; Walt Whitman; Sidney Lanier; Mrs. Hawthorne; Lydia Maria Child; Helen Jackson; John Holmes; Thadeus William Harris; John Brown's Household in 1859; William Lloyd Garrison; Wendell Phillips; Charles Sumner; Dr. Howe's Anti-Slavery Career; Ulysses Simpson Grant; The Eccentricities of Reformers; The Road to England.

Who's Who in America.....J. W. Leonard, ed.

Beacon Lights of History.....John Lord

Portraits of the Sixties.....Justin McCarthy

Contents:—Dickens; Thackeray; Carlyle; Tennyson; Cardinal Newman, and others.

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- National Cyclopaedia of American Biography.....
James T. White, publr.
 Makers of Florence.....Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant
 Makers of Venice.....Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant
 Lives of Illustrious Men.....Plutarch
 Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.....
William Smith, ed.
 American Biography.....Jared Sparks
 Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events..
A. R. Spofford
 Dictionary of British National Biography.....
Leslie Stephen & Sidney Lee
 Torch Bearers of History.....A. H. Stirling
 Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and
 Mythology.....J. Thomas, ed.
 Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography.....
J. G. Wilson & John Fiske, eds.
 A Book of Golden Deeds.....Charlotte M. Yonge

Series Collections

The following are well-known collections of individual biographies, many of which are separately noted under subjects below. It is a fact worth remembering that some of these series collections are of such uniform excellence that, arranged in chronological sequence, they form the most interesting and reliable histories yet written or obtainable.

Editor

- Heroes of the Nations.....Evelyn Abbott
 Foreign Statesmen.....J. B. Bury
 Great Educators.....N. M. Butler
 Beacon Biographies.....M. A. D. Howe
 Great Musicians.....Francis Hueffer
 Heroes of the Reformation.....S. M. Jackson

- The World's Great Explorers and Explorations.....
Keltie, Mackinder and Ravenstein
 Monographs on Artists.....Herman Knackfuss
 Philosophical Classics for English Readers.....
William Knight
 English Men of Letters.....John Morley
 American Statesmen.....J. T. Morse, Jr.
 Foreign Classics for English Readers.....
Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant
 Great Writers.....E. S. Robertson
 Century Science Series.....Sir H. E. Roscoe
 American Men of Letters.....C. D. Warner
 Builders of Greater Britain.....H. F. Wilson
 Great Commanders.....J. G. Wilson

Women

Collective Works

The biographies of women who have won distinction in special lines of work are classed with their subjects.

- Famous Leaders Among Women.....Sarah K. Bolton
Contents:—Madame de Maintenon; Catherine II of Prussia; Madame Le Brun; Dolly Madison; Catherine Booth; Lucy Stone; Lady Henry Somerset; Julia Ward Howe; Queen Victoria.
- Lives of Girls Who Became Famous....Sarah K. Bolton
Contents:—Harriet Beecher Stowe; Helen Hunt Jackson; Lucretia Mott; Mary A. Livermore; Margaret Fuller Ossoli; Maria Mitchell; Louise M. Alcott; Mary Lyon; Harriet G. Hoamer; Madame de Staël; Rosa Bonheur; Elizabeth Barrett Browning; George Eliot; Elizabeth Fry; Elizabeth Thompson Butler; Florence Nightingale; Lady Brassey; Baroness Burdett-Coutts; Jean Ingelow.
- Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women....
Elbert Hubbard

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Portraits of Celebrated Women....C. A. Sainte-Beuve

Contents:—Madama de Sévigné; Madame de La Fayette;
Madame de Souza; Madame Roland; Madame de Staël;
Madame de Duras; Madame de Remusat; Madame de Kru-
dener; Madame Guizot.

A Woman of the Century.....
.....Frances E. Willard & Mary A. Livermore

Individual

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Author</i>
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*Bashkirtseff, Marie— <i>Journal</i>	
.....	A. D. Hall & G. B. Heckel, tr.
Bridgman, Laura..	Maude H. Elliott & F. M. H. Hall
Darling, Grace.....	R. N. Carey
Fox, Caroline— <i>Memories of Old Friends</i>	

.....	H. N. Pryn, ed.
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*Keller, Helen— <i>Story of My Life</i>	Autobiography
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Madison, Dorothy (Payne)— <i>Memoirs and Letters</i>	
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.....	L. B. Cutts, ed
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Potocka, Anna— <i>Memoirs</i>	Autobiography
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Schuyler, Catherine.....	M. G. Humphreys
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Washington, Martha.....	A. H. Wharton
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Washington, Mary.....	S. A. R. Pryor
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Winslow, Anna Green— <i>Diary</i>	A. M. Earle, ed.
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Philosophers

Collective Works

Seekers after God.....F. W. Farrar

Contents:—Seneca; Epictetus; Marcus Aurelius.

Lives of Philosophers.....F. de S. de la M. Fenelon

Individual

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Author</i>
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Abelard, Peter.....	Joseph McCabe
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Bacon, Francis.....	John Nichol
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Collective Works

- ### *Individual*

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Author</i>
Anselm, Saint.....	A. C. Welch
*Augustine, Saint— <i>Confessions</i>	W. H. Hutchings, ed.
Bede, The Venerable.....	G. F. Browne
Beecher, Henry Ward.....	Lyman Abbott
Barnard, Saint.....	J. C. Morison

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Beza, Theodore.....	H. M. Baird
Booth, Catherine.....	F. St. G. Booth-Tucker
Brooks, Phillips.....	A. V. G. Allen
Channing, William Ellery.....	J. W. Chadwick
Cranmer, Thomas.....	A. F. Pollard
Damien, Father— <i>An Open Letter</i>	R. L. Stevenson
Drummond, Henry.....	G. A. Smith
Edwards, Jonathan.....	A. V. G. Allen
Erasmus, Desiderius— <i>Epistles</i>	F. M. Nichols, tr.
Erasmus, Desiderius.....	Ephraim Emerton
Fenelon, Francois de S. de la M.....	E. K. Sanders
Fox, George.....	Thomas Hodgkins
Francis of Assisi, Saint.....	Léon LeMonnier
Gregory the Great.....	J. Barmby
Hale, E. E.— <i>A New England Boyhood</i> ..	Autobiography
Hopkins, Mark.....	Franklin Carter
Jerome, Saint.....	E. L. Cutts
Knox, John.....	P. H. Brown
Loyola, St. Ignacio de.....	Autobiography
Luther, Martin.....	H. E. Jacobs
Mahomet.....	Washington Irving
Mahomet.....	William Muir
Marquette, Jacques.....	R. G. Thwaites
Mather, Cotton	Barrett Wendell
Melanchthon, Philip.....	J. W. Richards
Mullany, Patrick Francis— <i>Brother Azarias</i> ...	J. T. Smith
Newman, J. H.— <i>Apologia Pro Vita Sua</i>	Autobiography
Parker, Theodore.....	J. W. Chadwick
Penn, William.....	S. G. Fisher
Savonarola, Girolamo.....	J. L. O'Neil
Savonarola, Girolamo.....	Pasquale Villari
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn.....	R. E. Prothero
Swedenborg, Emanuel.....	Benjamin Worcester
Taylor, Jeremy.....	Edmund Gosse
Theresa of Avila.....	Mrs. M. R. F. Gilman
Wesley, John— <i>Heart of John Wesley's Journal</i>	P. L. Parker

Wesley, Susanna.....	Eliza Clarke
Whitefield, George.....	J. P. Gladstone
Williams, Roger.....	O. S. Straus
Wolsey, Thomas.....	George Cavendish
Wolsey, Thomas.....	Mandell Creighton
Wycliff, John.....	Lewis Sergeant
Zwingli, Huldreich.....	Samuel M. Jackson

Chief Rulers

Collective Works

Personal Recollections of Sixteen Presidents.....	
.....	R. W. Thompson
Presidents of the United States.....	J. G. Wilson

Individual

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Author</i>
Adams, John and Abigail— <i>Letters</i>	
Adams, John.....	J. T. Morse, Jr.
Alexander the Great.....	Sir Walter Besant
Alexander the Great.....	B. I. Wheeler
Alfred the Great.....	Sir Walter Besant
Caesar, Augustus.....	J. B. Firth
Caesar, Julius.....	W. W. Fowler
Caesar, Julius.....	J. A. Froude
*Charlemagne	Eginhard
Charles the Fifth.....	Wm. Robertson and W. H. Prescott
Charles XII of Sweden.....	R. N. Bain
Cleveland, Grover.....	G. F. Parker
Constantine the Great.....	E. L. Cutts
Cromwell, Oliver— <i>Letters and Speeches</i>	
.....	Thos. Carlyle and H. D. Traill
Cromwell, Oliver.....	C. H. Firth
Cromwell, Oliver.....	John Morley
Elizabeth, Queen of England.....	Mandell Creighton
Francis Joseph of Austria.....	Sir Horace Rumbold
Frederick the Great.....	Thomas Carlyle

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- Frederick the Great.....T. B. Macaulay
 *Grant, Ulysses S.—*Personal Memoirs*...Autobiography
 Grant, Ulysses S.....W. C. Church
 Grant, Ulysses S.....Owen Wister
 Gustavus Adolphus.....C. R. L. Fletcher
 Henry V.....C. L. Kingsford
 Jackson, Andrew.....W. G. Sumner
 Jefferson, Thomas.....J. T. Morse, Jr.
 Julian, Emperor of Rome.....Alice Gardner
 Kruger, Paul—*Memoirs*.....Autobiography
 Lincoln, Abraham.....J. T. Morse, Jr.
 Lincoln, Abraham.....Nicolay & Hay
 *Lincoln, Abraham.....Carl Schurz
 Lincoln, Abraham.....I. M. Tarbell
 Louis IX, Saint.....Frederick Perry
 Louis XIV.....Arthur Hassall
 Madison, James.....S. H. Gay
 Mary, Queen of Scots.....Andrew Lang
 Medici, Lorenzo d'.....Edward Armstrong
 Napoleon I—*Memoirs*.....Duchesse d'Abrantes
 Napoleon I.....August Fournier
 Napoleon and His Marshals.....J. T. Headley
 Napoleon I.....J. N. Rose
 Pericles and the Golden Age.....E. Abbott
 Peter I the Great.....Eugene Schuyler
 Philip II of Spain.....M. A. S. Hume
 Richard III King of England.....James Gairdner
 Robert I of Scotland.....Sir H. E. Maxwell
 Roosevelt, Theodore.....F. E. Leupp
 Saladin.....S. Lane-Poole
 Stuart, Mary.....Alphonse de Lamartine
 Van Buren, Martin.....E. M. Shepard
 Victoria, Queen of England.....Sidney Lee
 Washington, George.....P. L. Ford
 Washington, George.....Norman Hapgood
 *Washington, George.....Washington Irving
 Washington, George.....H. C. Lodge

Washington, George.....John Marshall
 Washington, George.....Woodrow Wilson
 William the Conqueror.....E. A. Freeman
 William I, Prince of Orange.....Ruth Putnam

Statesmen

Collective Works

British Political Portraits.....Justin McCarthy
Contents:—Balfour; Louis Salisbury; Lord Rosebery; Chamberlain; Labouchere; John Morley; Lord Aberdeen; John Burns; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; John E. Redmond; Sir William Harcourt; James Bryce; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.
 Seven Roman Statesmen of the Later Republic.....
Charles Oman
Contents:—The Gracchi; Sulla; Crassus; Cato; Pompey; Caesar.
 Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime....W. P. Trent
Contents:—Washington; Jefferson; Randolph; Calhoun; Stephens; Toombs; Jefferson Davis.

Individual

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Author</i>
Adams, John Quincy.....	J. T. Morse, Jr.
Adams, Samuel.....	J. K. Hosmer
Barneveld, John of.....	J. L. Motley
Benton, Thomas Hart.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Bigelow, John— <i>Retrospections of an Active Life</i>	
.....	Autobiography
Bismarck, Otto von.....	Autobiography
Blaine, James G.....	Edward Stanwood
Bright, John.....	G. B. Smith
Burke, Edmund.....	John Morley
Calhoun, John C.....	H. von Holst
Cass, Louis.....	A. C. McLaughlin
Cavour, Camillo Benso, Conte di.....	Martinengo-Cesaresco

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| Cid, The..... | H. B. Clarke |
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| Evans, Robert D.— <i>A Sailor's Log</i> | Autobiography |
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| Garibaldi, Giuseppe..... | G. M. Trevelyan |

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Pattison, Dorothy Wyndlow.....	Margaret Lonsdale
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Great American Educators.....A. E. Winship

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Froebel, Friedrich Wilhelm August—
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Mann, Horace, and the Common School Revival in
the United States.....B. A. Hinsdale
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Boone, Daniel.....	R. G. Thwaites
Cabot, John and Sebastian.....	C. R. Beazley
Carson, Christopher.....	J. S. C. Abbott
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Cortez, Hernando.....	Sir Arthur Helps
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Individual

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Agassiz, Louis.....	Mrs. E. C. Agassiz
Audubon, John James.....	Mrs. Lucy Audubon
Brahe, Tycho.....	J. L. E. Dreyer
Dalton, John.....	H. E. Roscoe
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Faraday, Michael.....	S. P. Thompson
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| | Charles Northend |
| Eads, James B..... | Louis How |
| Edison, Thomas Alva..... | F. A. Jones |
| Field, Cyrus W..... | Mrs. C. W. Field |
| Fulton, Robert..... | R. H. Thurston |
| Gutenberg, Johann..... | Emily Pearson |
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| *Nasmyth, James..... | <i>Autobiography</i> |
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| *Buonarroti, Michelangelo..... | J. A. Symons |
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 Raphael Herman Knackfuss
 Rembrandt, H. van Rijn..... Herman Knackfuss
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Booth, Edwin.....	William Winter
Garrick, David.....	Joseph Knight
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